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Departments

GREAT EXPECTATIONS 5

NAKED CITY

► Goody-goody Mailer. David Koresh meets his match. Where Ice Cube and Armistead Maupin do lunch. Katie Beers, through the looking glass. Marky's mark. Citizen Lazlo cooks for the president. In The Fine Print: Death be not wacky 18

BIG PICTURES 35

PARTY POOP 70

Features

IT WAS THE BEST OF AN ARBITRARILY CHOSEN TIME PERIOD,
IT WAS THE WORST OF AN ARBITRARILY CHOSEN TIME PERIOD

► SPY joins the media herd in assessing Bill Clinton's First 100 Days. Whether you think they should have been better or could have been worse, pundit LARRY DOYLE offers something for everyone. Plus, not only Clinton's First 100 Days but also Clinton's First 100 Lies! 42

ESPIONAGE. BACCARAT. CANOEING.

► Officially it may have been the CIA's Career Trainee Summer Internship, but to the college kids who participated it was spy camp, and it was *really neat*. From polygraphs to hijackings, ADAM J. FREED reports on the grooming of the James Bonds of tomorrow 52

LOVE ME, LOVE MY FETUS

► Shooting doctors is fun and all, but for today's right-to-lifers nothing beats the impact—or the thrill—of displaying, deifying and just plain handling a dead fetus. CAROL VINZANT reports from the most bizarre front of the abortion wars 58

Columns

► In **The Industry**, CELIA BRADY sizes up Mark Canton; RAWLIE THORPE follows the rise of Morgan Stanley's John Mack on **The Street**; FRANK FELDINGER snoops out some very clumsy judges in **The City** 12

► The one-two punch that readers have clamored for! T. W. IRWIN explains the way things ought to be with Rush Limbaugh in **Review of Reviewers**, and ROY BLOUNT JR. addresses the Limbaugh question—*without facile P.C. clichés!*—in **Live White Male** 66



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In this merry month of






Maydays


"In politics, as in life and love, a lot depends on being in the right place at the right time."

—Ted Kennedy

IN THIS MERRY MONTH OF MAYDAYS, AS WE WALK DOWN THE STREET, CONSTANTLY PIROUETTING AND SPINNING AROUND LEST WE BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE, WE GREET EACH PAIR OF ROGUISH EYES WITH a wide, tight smile that asks,

Are you the one who is going to kill us?  Are you, we need to know, a radical Muslim, not the fun kind? A paramilitary messiah wanna-be? A cranky, bazooka-toting defense-industry worker? An unclear-on-the-concept prolife enthusiast? A still-having-trouble-adjusting former child star? (Even though a prosecutor determined that Todd "Diff'rent Strokes" Bridges was acting in self-defense when he stabbed a tenant in March, we're not taking any chances.) In this postcivility age, when you can be a World Trade Cen-

ter employee one day and a quickie NBC sweeps-month TV movie the next (check your local listings), it seems not entirely paranoid to ask, *Are we next?*  No, thank goodness—Hunter S. Thompson is. The tiresome, battered journalist recently missed several flights to New York to interview tiresome, battered guitar player Keith Richards for ABC. According to producer David Saltz, Thompson "keeps telling us that after the WTC bombing, he knows he's next." Yes, of course—but *then* who?  Maybe *you*. Ask yourself: *Am I an American?* If you answer yes, you may not be next, but you're on the list. As one Islamic spokesman explained it, while the *vast* majority of Muslims would never try to blow

up 100,000 innocent people, it's perfectly understandable when a few bad Islamic apples do, because "they are frustrated, like all Arabs and Muslims are frustrated with the status of American foreign policy...and one day they go berserk." Going berserk? How gonzo.  Would it be accurate to describe my place of religious worship as a "compound"? And if so, *Does my spiritual*



Great Expectations

leader tend to describe himself as immortal or say things like, "If the Bible is true, then I'm Christ"? If he does, then you may already be dead. If not, you may be reassured to know that, as *The Dallas Morning News* reported, "although some experts believe that there are indeed many well-armed cultist groups in Texas, most speculate that no more than 10 or 12 have any real potential for violence." And you Spike Lee fans can rest easy. "I'm a filmmaker," Lee recently admitted, "not Jesse Jackson, not Jesus, not the Savior."

Am I planning on being a pedestrian in Los Angeles in the near future? In the wake of *Falling Down*, that compelling film in which Michael Douglas was boldly cast as a violent creep ("This concern of making pictures that are morally and socially responsible," Douglas said to an interviewer. "That I don't quite understand"), walking across L.A. has become all the rage. The *Los Angeles Times*'s Peter King did it and was happy to report, "No one shot at me. No one spat at me. No one brained me with a three-iron." He concluded that L.A. "is still a pretty good place to live." Meanwhile, lawyers defending the four white police officers in the second Rodney King trial revealed their plans to evacuate their clients by helicopter after a verdict was announced. And in the Los Angeles area this month and next, five Andrew Lloyd Webber musicals will be staged, none of them *Cats*. Make that sort of pretty good.

Am I anti-prolife? If so, watch your back. Dr. David Gunn of Pensacola, Florida, didn't, and pro-prolifer Michael Griffin put a bullet into it. Commenting on Gunn's execution, Debbie Dykes of the American Family Association said, "I think the man that was killed—and it was unfortunate—he should be glad he was not killed the same way he has killed other people, which is limb by limb." We think God said it best:

Thou shalt go for the clean kill. Of course, abortionists aren't taking this lying down. "Overnight I changed handguns from a .38 caliber to a .45," said Dr. Buck Williams of Sioux Falls, South Dakota. "That'll just make a bigger hole in somebody." Hey, NBC: *Dr. Buck Williams, Frontier OB-GYN.*

Have I been feeling poorly, and do I live within driving distance of Dr. Jack Kevorkian? The doctor, who at last count had 15 clean kills, is vowing to keep the carbon monoxide flowing despite recent complications, including a Michigan statute that outlaws him specifically. At age 65 and showing no sign of slowing down ("Gee, Dr. Kevorkian, you seem to be pretty worn out. Maybe you should lie down...over here." "What? Never felt better!"), Kevorkian is nevertheless overwhelmed by the size of the death-by-Rube-Goldberg-suffocation market. "We're saturated," he complained to *The New York Times* not long ago. "You really couldn't do one a day of these; it just takes too much work. If we had three or four in a row, we'd be bushed."

Am I a beneficiary of American military intervention? Over in Bosnia, Serbian forces reportedly have found that our humanitarian airdrops make excellent "Muslim bait" and have been shooting Muslims who approach the food packages. This unintended consequence in no way indicates that the program was unsuccessful, for, as one Pentagon official explained, "the airdrops were to be symbolic—not effective." And in Somalia, the elder of our international quagmires, a certain ennui has sunk in among military personnel who have grown bored with shooting the occasional Somali. "They only care about themselves," complained Marine Corporal Mario San-

tana. "This mission is only going to work if they change their attitude."


Am I parked in Tom Arnold's space? If so, expect to discover that some fates are uniquely worse than death, as did the delightful Julia Louis-Dreyfus (host of *The SPY Magazine Hit List*, December 2, 1992, at 10:00 p.m. on NBC). Recently mis-

directed into Arnold's space on the CBS-MTM lot, Louis-Dreyfus received an expletive-laden note from one of the Arnolds plus a special bonus Polaroid of a big, fat ass. The Arnold camp denied it was either of their big, fat asses, which raises the terrifying question: Someone else is capable of this?

See, that's the thing—how can you tell who is capable of what? A neighbor of Mohammed Salameh, one of the alleged WTC bombers, reports that Salameh and his

friends "were quiet, but they were always very busy." The mailman of Nidal Ayyad, another of the alleged bombers, says Ayyad and his family "were very quiet and secretive." His grandfather recalls that Ayyad "used to read the Koran most of his spare time." A colleague of prolife killer Griffin remembers "a man who was very quiet and not real public about his feelings." According to the grandmother of David "I'm Christ" Koresh, "He was a sweet boy. He was always very interested in the Bible." Adds his mother, "He would go out in the barn and pray for hours. I've seen him sitting by his bed, on his knees for hours, crying and praying."

You never know. We had a fellow around here for a while, quiet and always very busy and always reading *Variety*. He had a cult following. He's disappeared, and we don't mean to alarm anyone, but there's no telling what he's capable of.

Next! 

**"I'm a filmmaker,"
Spike Lee recently
admitted. "Not
Jesse Jackson,
not Jesus, not
the Savior."**

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From the SPY Mailroom



Three months ago in this space we mused about the possibility of moving our offices to Kentucky. We had been invited, you will recall, by the governor himself, and we were charmed by thoughts of living in a mellow place that was not Canada. Now the Kentuckians have spoken. The slew of letters from the Bluegrass State offer many different opinions. "A Concerned Reader" from Covington warns us that "while you are correct in assuming the people of Kentucky won't quote Bruce Cockburn to you, Kentucky men are fat, the women have bad teeth and the children are too lazy even to be good at Nintendo." On the other hand, Don Wrege of Louisville promises, "You'll love it here. Not to sound pushy or anything, but my father's factory is for sale. After 57 years of producing pipe tobacco and cigarettes, it seems that business has kind of been dying off. I think it would make an excellent new SPY Building." Temptingly, Wrege's father's building is located on Louisville's 12th Street one block south of Broadway, which, as tristate-area readers know, is *almost exactly the intersection at which the SPY Building is now*. Despite this happy coincidence, though, we were given pause by the letter from Stephen Louthan of London, Kentucky, which included, "I think Bruce Cockburn said it best when he said, 'You shore have a purty mouth.'" (Must be one of those available-only-in-Kentucky bonus tracks.)

Never mind; we've made our decision. SPY will be moving to Park City, Utah. Why? Because—sorry, Mr. Wrege—the real estate opportunities are simply too good to pass up. Gary Alexander of Englewood, Colorado, has forwarded an ad from a Park City brokerage called Carlson, showing homey houses and a familiar-

Letters to SPY

This Man's Navy

Your articles "Queens for a Day" and "Top Wogs" [by William Poundstone and Daniel Radosh, March] sure as hell weren't about the Navy I served in. The sailors on the *Sigourney* were a hard, tough bunch of men who were there to get a job done. I served three years, eight months and seven days aboard the *Sigourney*, and there was no hanky-panky between enlisted men or officers. We lived in very close quarters, and it would have been very hard to keep something like that a secret.

You make the equator-crossing sound like an orgy. It wasn't like that at all. It was good, clean fun that some people in this generation would not understand.

Mike Conti
Annapolis, Maryland

Ah-ah-ah-Herzegovina!

Reading "Parliament of Suckers" [February], I had to laugh at freshman congressmen so eager to save the world that they advocated taking "Freedonia" under their wing—until I realized that we had elected people to high office who rush to agree with any old thing that sounds right at the moment. The more I thought about it, the madder I got. I called the congressmen's offices in Washington, demanding an explanation. None of them were available, but Florida congresswoman Corrine Brown's staff was perturbed that her Freedonia gaffe was "still an issue after two weeks." I was passed along to an aide, who carefully explained that "Congresswoman Brown's comments were not about Freedonia, which we all know is fictional, but

Bonzia. The congresswoman had just left an intensive workshop on *Bonzia*, and that was what she had in mind when the question was asked about Freedonia."

"Bonzia?" I asked. "Do you mean *Bosnia*?"

Pause. "I have a sinus infection, having just come up here to Washington from Florida," she explained. "I guess you can't understand me."

I understand, all right. And I want Congress to know how much better I feel now that the millions of dollars in relief erroneously earmarked for Freedonia are properly directed to *Bonzia*.

Murray Silver Jr.
Atlanta, Georgia

Ah-ah-ah-Chu-Chu!

And all my friends say that your publication is too mean, sarcastic and bitchy? I think you guys are softening up. Otherwise your article on Celebrity Refuseniks ["Love Me Don't," by Steven Levy, March] would have mentioned the fact that Carol Burnett's cinematic ventures since leaving her acclaimed TV show have included *Annie*, *Chu Chu and the Philly Flash* and *H.E.A.L.T.H.*; that Suzanne Somers is relegated to promoting the Thigh Master; that Sally Struthers wishes Third World children a happy birthday in a TV infomercial (though maybe she doesn't count, since nobody liked her in the first place); and that Shelley Long's most recent film foray was *Frozen Assets*, the first feel-good movie about sperm banks. Other than that, great work!

Rusty Kransky
New York

As to our softening up, we must beg to differ, you petty, meddling half-wit.

Webs Feats

As a marketing executive who used Joel Shukovsky's services extensively while he was in New York, I can attest to his creativity. He is one of the most talented designers with whom I have ever had the privilege to work and a consummate businessman. It was he who negotiated the incredible deal with CBS, and he is at least partially responsible for the creative freedom the deal affords Diane English.

SPY is a superb magazine; the satire is fabulous. But to publicize an unfortunate event in Joel's life—one that I am sure he regrets deeply—when the Santa Monica city attorney's office declined to file any charges is beneath your dignity [The Webs, by Laureen Hobbs, March]. Satire is one thing, but to intentionally attempt to damage a person's life and reputation is unjust, cruel treatment.

Michael Lissauer

New York

Yes, especially when you use a Range Rover.

The woman who said Catherine Crier "had been a Texas state judge and so was not hired as a clueless cupcake" [The Webs, February] obviously doesn't know that we take pride in having idiots in all levels of government. Former governor Preston Smith was making a speech in Houston when some students began chanting "Free Lee Otis," referring to an African-American activist sentenced to 30 years in prison for giving a joint to a narc. (His conviction was later overturned.) Smith's puzzled reaction was, "Why are they so upset over refried beans [frijoles]?" According to Texas legend, another governor, Miriam "Ma" Ferguson, was asked if she supported providing Spanish-language textbooks for migrant workers' children and said, "If English was good enough for Jesus Christ, it's good enough for the children of Texas." If Crier has a brain, she couldn't have been elected in Texas.

Joel Berry III

Stafford, Texas

looking mustache smiling out over the words HARRY REEMS, REALTOR. For our Nintendo-generation readers, Reems is a famous former film star from such classics as—well, let's just say he shore knows a purty mouth when he sees one. We, like Mr. Alexander, were surprised and encouraged to learn that such a libertine is thriving in what we thought was the heart of religious fanaticism and legislated repression. Maybe he's doing an indie with Bob at Sundance? In any case, we're packing our bags.

Even before our February issue—the Hillary issue—hit the stands, we received the following letter: "Did you know that your clothing that you sell is very immodest and revealing? As I see and understand it, it is companies like yours that is making our nation a weak and corrupt and powerless nation. Your companies are committing treason against this great nation of ours. Intimacies and immodesty should be done away with before this nation can become the America it used to be—strong, valiant and true to God." A persuasive argument. We'll take it under advisement, Mr. Nephi Nuttall of—*gulp*—Park City, Utah.

Here's a letter from Westland, Michigan, that we would have shredded in a huff if not for one eye-catching aspect: "From what I see, SPY is little more than the accumulated whinings of an assortment of snotty, pin-dicked misfits who hope to quell their sense of impotence by adopting a position of self-proclaimed 'superiority' so that they can criticize and ridicule show business personalities....The humor escapes me. I guess I'm just not cool enough to understand it. Sincerely, James C. McCool." McCool, *but not McCool enough*, eh? While James reels from that broadside (and him not even in show business), we'll take this opportunity to demonstrate to him that if some of our readers had their way, things could be even worse.

Cathy DeRonne of Graham Marketing Communications in Chicago wants us to write an article about show business personality Cher and her ▶

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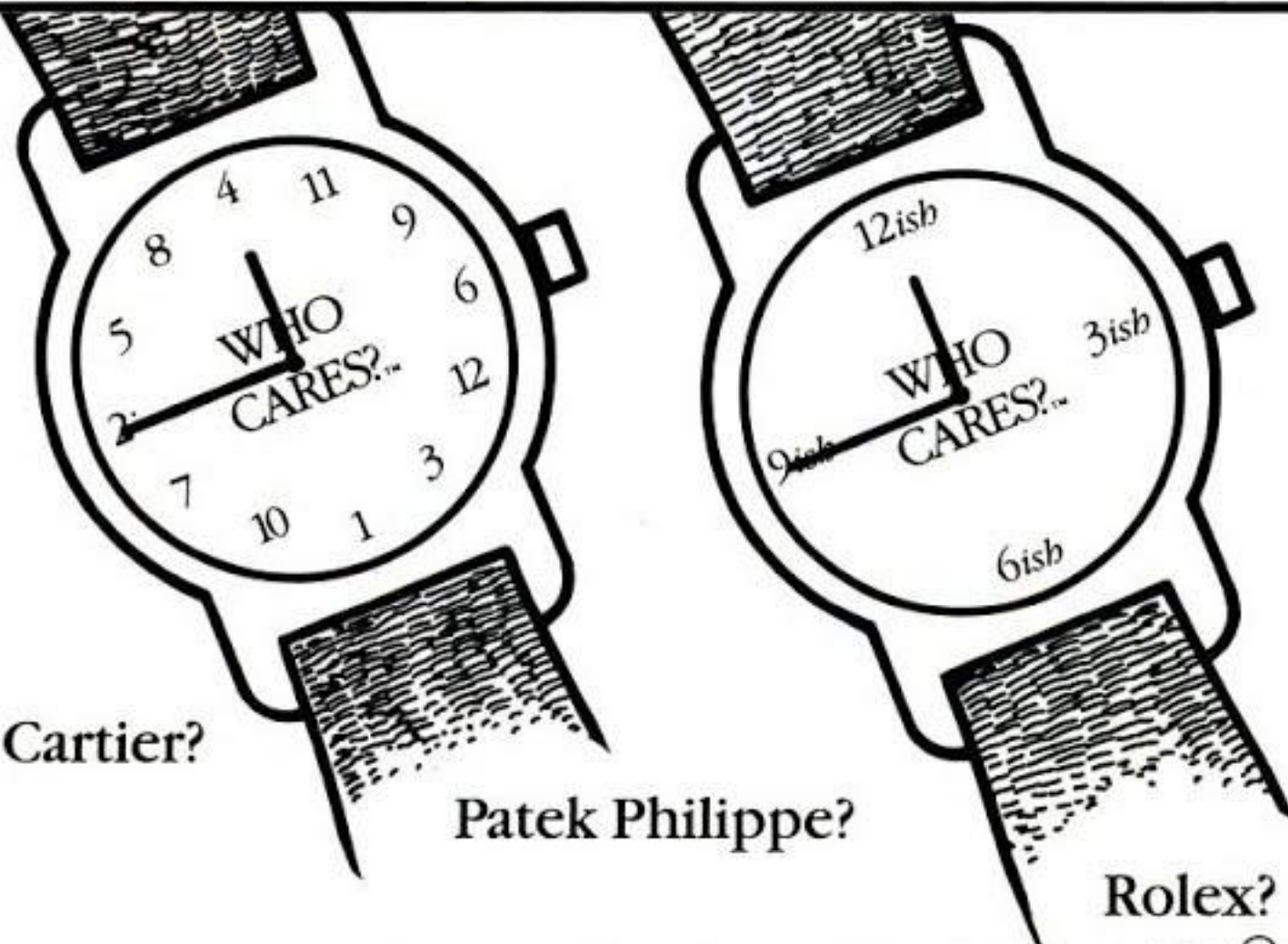
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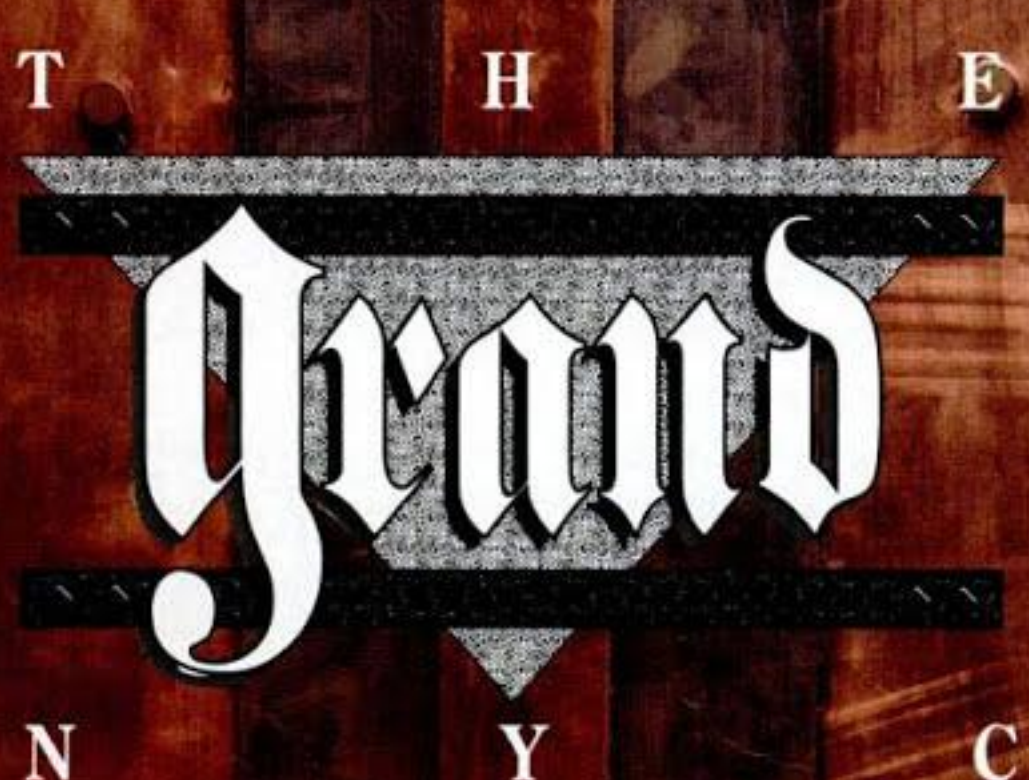
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MARKETING INTERNS



role as pitchwoman for Equal. DeRonne breaks the news that in recent TV ads, Cher "reaffirms her long-term commitment to her favorite sweetener." Normally we would have run the article—we're suckers for anyone who sends an 8x10 glossy—but then we received a copy of a new book by Barbara Alexander Mullarkey, entitled *Bittersweet Aspartame: A Diet Delusion*. Mullarkey, a journalist from Oak Park, Illinois, reports on the FDA's findings linking aspartame (aka NutraSweet, aka Equal) to scores of medical problems, including headaches, nausea, seizures, hives, speech impairment, difficulty with urination, unsteady gait, eye irritation, hallucinations, developmental retardation and excessive phlegm production. In other words, *exactly what we always experience when we see Cher on TV!*

Other show business personalities we're not going to be ridiculing any time soon include "Richard Pryor's ex-wife and the big tit actress B. D'Angelo," as an anonymous "confidential report" calls them. We wish we could excerpt any of this entirely unsubstantiated story for you, but the humor (and relevance) escapes us. Finally—and back to the subject of purty mouths—we have a proposal from Eric Olson of Santa Barbara to share a tale he calls "Behind the Image, Behind the Smile," the true story of Dr. Jack Garfield, Hollywood's dentist to the stars, and his "20-year career of treating such famous personalities as Kenny Loggins and Olivia Newton-John, among others." Sounds fascinating, but unfortunately, we don't have the space for it. We're suddenly committed to, uh, a big three-part series on Cher's sweetener choices. ☺

CORRECTION

In other dentistry news, a dentist friend has set us straight on the term for an ailment we misspelled in February's "What Color Is Your Cockpose?"; with gratitude and a peculiar sense of relief, we can now report that the correct term is *herpes labialis*. ☺

Other Voices, Other Letters

Your magazine is by far the best, and the only one I rush to read, especially the Webs and Industry columns. My few months as a temp at CAA last year proved that *everyone* in town reads your magazine. I temped at Disney too, and they Xerox it and pass it around.

Tony Lippera
Los Angeles, California

Thanks for the information; now when we make illegal copies of the Aladdin video we won't feel so bad.

I, like the other 17 *You Bet Your Life* contestants that were on shows filmed on the last Thursday of September 1992, had a wonderful, nearly perfect time ["A Day in *You Bet Your Life*," by Craig Broude, January]. Bill Cosby was friendly, delightful, sincere. He's easily the most popular guy in Philadelphia since Benjamin Franklin.

Mark Fass
Los Angeles, California

You traveled from L.A. to Philadelphia to be on a TV show?

I am a graduate student of political science at an allegedly prestigious Canadian university. I'm writing to tell you what some of my classmates had to say about your February Hillary Clinton cover. Without even opening the magazine, they quickly denounced it as tasteless, regressive and offensive, and I was labeled unenlightened for having purchased it. Needless to say, I was *very* encouraged, so I have decided to become a subscriber as soon as possible.

Roger Thompson
Dartmouth, Nova Scotia,
Canada

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The Remains of the Arnold

When Columbia Pictures chairman Mark Canton recently commented that "this summer will either make me or break me," he was mostly referring to his unbelievably expensive Arnold Schwarzenegger vehicle, *Last Action Hero*, which opens in June. Canton's specialty is the huge-budget event film—as a matter of fact, he was the Warner Bros. president who oversaw *The Bonfire of the Vanities*—and *Action Hero* is the hugest-budget event film of them all. Ironically for Canton, though, just as he may be on the verge of a megahit that out-*Terminator 2s Terminator 2*, the new hot values out here would seem to be intelligence and artistry, as the Oscar nominations for *The Crying Game*, *Howards End*, *Unforgiven* and *The Player* would suggest. Canton has little feel for indie-style movies, and he's keeping his distance from his upcoming offerings in this genre.

Canton's impatience with even slightly challenging product is well known. While at Warner Bros., for example, he inherited Franco Zeffirelli's *Hamlet*, starring Mel Gibson. Canton's first question: *Is there coverage?* He also had a brief media feud early last year with director Robert Altman—who thereafter relished calling him "a jerk" in interviews—after Canton impatiently ordered a projectionist to skip ahead a few reels during a private predistribution screening of *The Player*. The question is whether Canton's big-budget preference will affect the performance of the more well-crafted pictures on his slate. He is known to be unenthusiastic about Columbia's fall '93 Merchant-Ivory release, *The Remains of the Day*. He also appears to be unenthralled with Martin Scorsese's adaptation of Edith Wharton's *Age of Innocence*, which stars Michelle Pfeiffer and Daniel Day-Lewis; recently, during a tiny, high-powered screening of the film, Canton dozed off. One low-budget film Canton hasn't distanced himself from is *Poetic Justice*, John Single-

ton's \$12 million follow-up to *Boyz n the Hood*. It's a movie starring Janet Jackson as a hairdresser named Justice who writes poetry—poetry by Maya Angelou. Hopes were high for this film late last summer but have since diminished. A senior Columbia executive, noting that the budget for *Boyz* was \$6-million, recently complained that *Justice* was "twice the cost, half the movie."

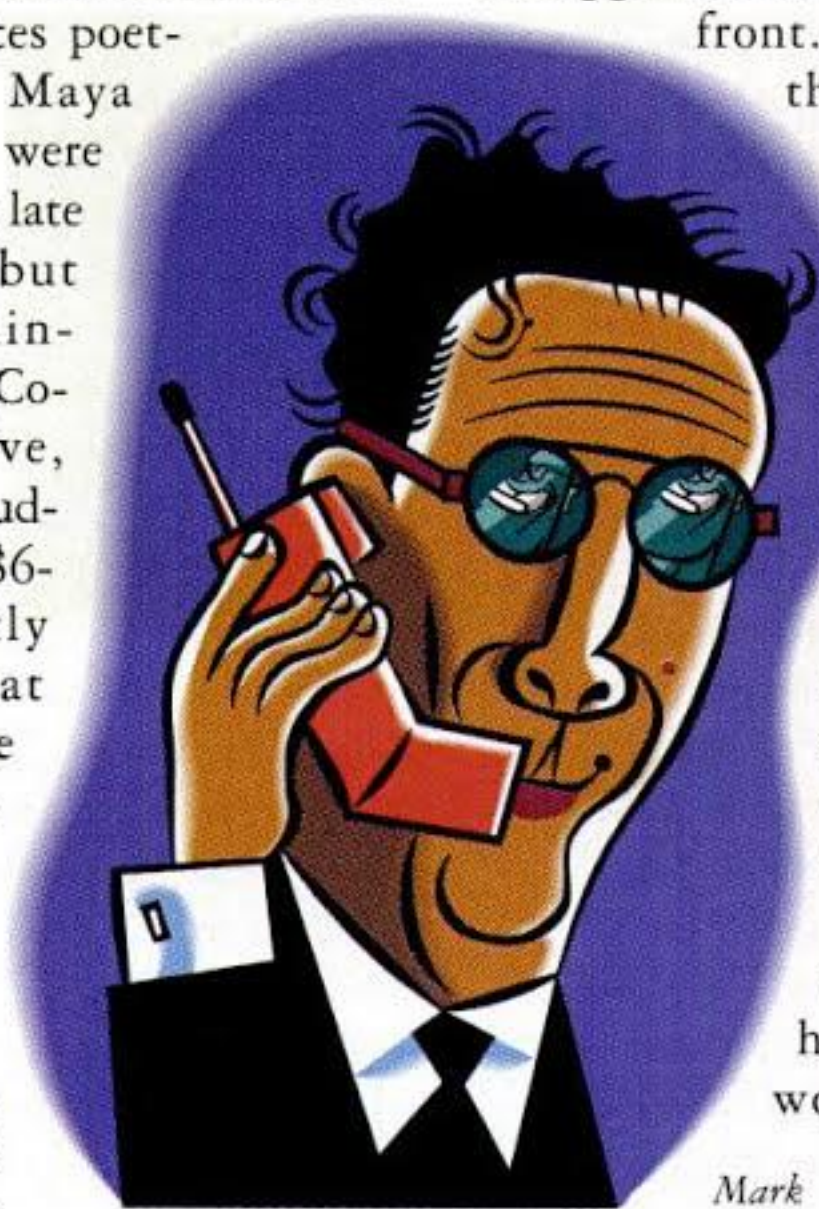
Especially irksome to Canton is darkly oddball director Tim Burton's *Ed Wood*, a film starring Johnny Depp about the bizarre cross-dressing director of classic 1950s dreck like *Plan 9 from Outer Space*. Loath to waste the director of *Batman* on something uncommercial, Canton much prefers Burton's other project, *Mary Reilly*, a gothic thriller about Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde as told by his housekeeper. *Mary Reilly* is presumed to be a safer bet than *Ed*

Wood, given the gothic, semisuccessful *Dracula* and the excitement generated by Kenneth Branagh's gothic-flavored *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein*, which is in preproduction. Discussing *Ed Wood* recently, Canton moaned, "It's a midnight movie!"

Decidedly not a midnight movie is Canton's huge investment, *Last Action Hero*. Producer Steve Roth is telling everyone that the film's budget is \$52.5 million, but that seems a tad unlikely, since Schwarzenegger received \$15 million up

front. Everyone's saying the projected cost of the movie is expected to exceed \$100 million, before prints and advertising. A hall-of-mirrors action fantasy about a kid who gets to romp on-screen inside an actual movie with a Schwarzenegger-like superstar, *Action Hero* will probably be a huge hit. But it's worth remembering that it has to earn \$250 million before anyone will feel the expenses are justified. And that's before the studio audit.

With Sony Pictures Entertainment chairman and CEO Peter Guber's okay, *Action Hero's* costs have mainly been Canton's call. After shooting began early last November, Canton made it clear to Columbia's in-house production-budget watchdog, Gary Martin,



Canton inherited *Hamlet*, starring Mel Gibson. His first question: *Is there coverage?*

that he should keep his hands off, says a studio source. *Just let Arnold and {director John} McTiernan do what they have to do*, Canton said. Was it only two years ago that everyone's mouth was agape at the \$88 million tab for *T2*? Welcome to the leaner, more frugal 1990s.

If *Last Action Hero* is the most expensive feature ever made, it might also be the Last Big-Budget Picture by Hollywood's newest proponent of frugality: Mark Canton. At the annual convention of movie exhibitors, held in March in Las Vegas, chairman Canton was, well, inspiring on the subject of urging moviemakers to bolster America's sagging morale and basic values, as well as becoming better business-people. His remarks, made during the keynote address, included, "We're still making expensive movies—but only when they're very good bets. More often, today, we're making films for \$15 million that would have cost \$20- or \$25-million three years ago. We've stopped overpaying. We're making the right film at the right price.... We're leaner and much more flexible. We used to say, 'We want it, no matter how much it costs.' Now we've adopted the mantra of all well-run businesses: 'We want it, but only if the price is right—or if Arnold is in it.'"

Whether Canton is made or broken by the summer, it is certain that his production president, Michael Nathanson, will remain. Nathanson has managed to survive several regimes at Columbia since the mid-1980s, partly by being "a man with your opinions," as one Sony-based producer puts it. The fact that Nathanson, who learned the movie business as an aide to David Begelman, has never moved on to another studio or been offered the job of Columbia's chairman has always seemed curious to industry watchers, who wonder about where his talents actually lie. Canton, who probably appreciates Nathanson's obsequious nature as much as

any previous Columbia chairman (Nathanson "bolts, streaks, out of his office in the Thalberg Building when Canton or Guber calls for him," says one observer), was nonetheless considering handing Nathanson's job to former Warner Bros. production executive Lisa Henson. But it never happened, and with cockroachlike indestructibility, Nathanson lives on.

Trims and Ends: You remember Bill Block, the Dracula-like West Coast chief of ICM? You know, the guy who, while he was presiding over InterTalent last fall, claimed to have hired a private eye to look into the absurd rumor that he was ICM-bound? Well, so far things at ICM are not working out. Unlike CAA—whose agents are so thrilled to work there that they put CAA on their vanity plates—ICM has no corporate unity, and Block's ICM still consists of individual fiefdoms that apparently refuse to cooperate among themselves. Recently one producer with an ICM agent was interested in a director who had a different agent at ICM. The producer asked his agent to forward a script to his colleague, but the agent refused. Clients say this sort of thing has been known to happen before at ICM, and although Ed Limato just won Steve Martin from the decaying Agency for the Performing Arts, much of ICM's talent is itching to leave.... New York ICM dinosaur Sam Cohn is still pursuing his own thing, *whatever that is* (we know it involves eating paper and not returning phone calls promptly—well, within the fiscal year of the original call), and he's ignoring Block. Boaty Boatwright, who emigrated from William Morris, was supposed to be Cohn's successor, but insiders think she has more power over who sits where at lunch at the Russian Tea Room (which is not, after all, unimportant) than she does over agency business.

See you Monday night at Morton's; I'll be eating blinis.

—Celia Brady

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Snakes and Ladders

Everyone on Wall Street knows enough about statistics to understand this axiom: Correlation does not necessarily imply causation. So even though four managing directors left Morgan Stanley last March in the very same week the firm announced that John J. Mack, the coordinator of Morgan's worldwide operations, would become the firm's president, we would really be guilty of theoretical sloppiness if we said that these two events had anything to do with each other. Sure, we could make this case based on Mack's reputation as a despised, Machiavellian lightweight, but all that is pretty hard to quantify.

The 48-year-old Mack, a North Carolinian who was officially known as Johnny J. Mack in college, was head of Morgan's fixed-income bond department from 1985 to '92. He is a textbook climber, according to someone who knows him well, and when he starts his new job, in June, he will have climbed to the all but topmost rung at an investment bank whose only rival for prestige is Goldman Sachs. Richard Fisher, the firm's chairman and Mack's only remaining superior, arranged for Mack's ascent, and Mack is expected eventually to replace him.

Of course, Mack's promotion requires that Morgan's current president, Robert Greenhill, 56, be shunted aside. By the time Mack takes over, Greenhill will have served in the post for only a little more than two years; previously he was vice chairman of Morgan's board. One of Morgan's Old Guard, Greenhill first made partner at the then privately held firm 23 years ago. He is something of a visionary: He began building a mergers-and-acquisitions department at Morgan in 1972, before anyone else on Wall Street knew what M&A meant, and in the 1980s, when M&A was booming, he was responsible for Morgan's having perhaps the best M&A department on Wall Street. However, the field is moribund at the moment, so

Greenhill was vulnerable. His new job will be that of "senior adviser," in which capacity he will work with clients, and he told *The New York Times* that he was happy "to return to what I like best"—a very convincing reason for Greenhill to leave a job he'd held for only two years and that put him in line for the Morgan chairmanship. Only a year ago, Greenhill told *The Wall Street Journal* he had no intention of retiring.

Greenhill is not the only Morgan board member who has accepted what is essentially a demotion in a Mack-related incident. Back in January 1992, Lewis Bernard, who ran fixed income at Morgan until Mack took over, retired as a managing director; he was Morgan's chief conceptual strategist. Mack and Bernard had long had frosty relations, and Mack is said to have expressed his displea-

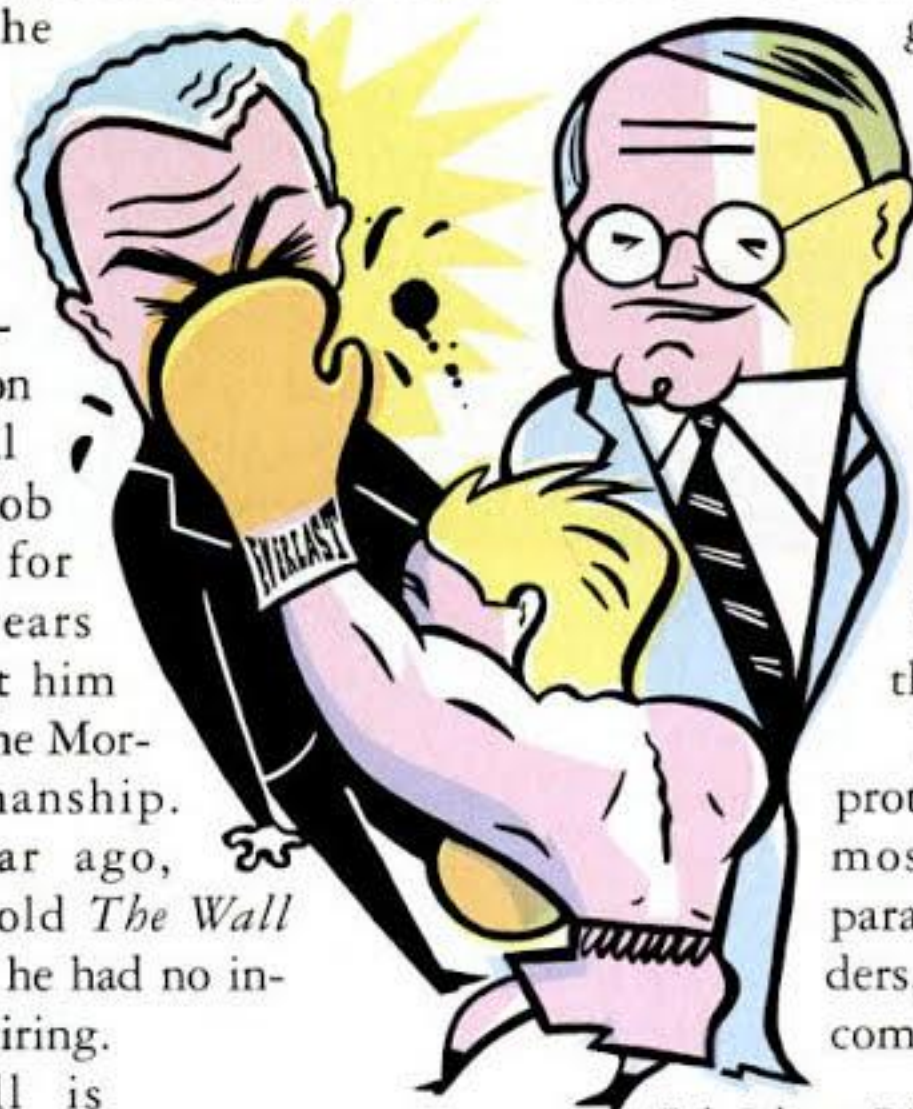
sure with him to Fisher. Bernard, 51, is also an old Morgan hand—he made partner in 1973. Colleagues call him brilliant. He remains on the Morgan board with the less-than-Napoleonic title "advisory director."

As for underlings, Mack keeps them in line largely through fear. Expressing disagreement with him, either to his face or to someone in his web of partisans, is a decidedly poor career move, it appears. As a former Morgan bond trader says of Mack, "He's a snake. If you're not on his team, he'll find a way to get rid of you. If you're not one of his, you're fucked."

Sources say Mack likes to gather people around him who are bright but definitely not brilliant and then use his discretion over bonuses to keep them happy and loyal.

Mack is extremely protective of his turf, almost to the point of paranoia. Under his orders, the entire fixed-income department, located across the street from the firm's headquarters, was off-limits to outsiders, even other people who worked at Morgan Stanley. If you

worked in equities or research or corporate finance or whatever and you tried to go onto the fixed-income floor, you simply would not be allowed in. Mack was known to throw people out who violated this rule and scream for their heads.



Bob, Johnny, Dick

New Morgan Stanley president

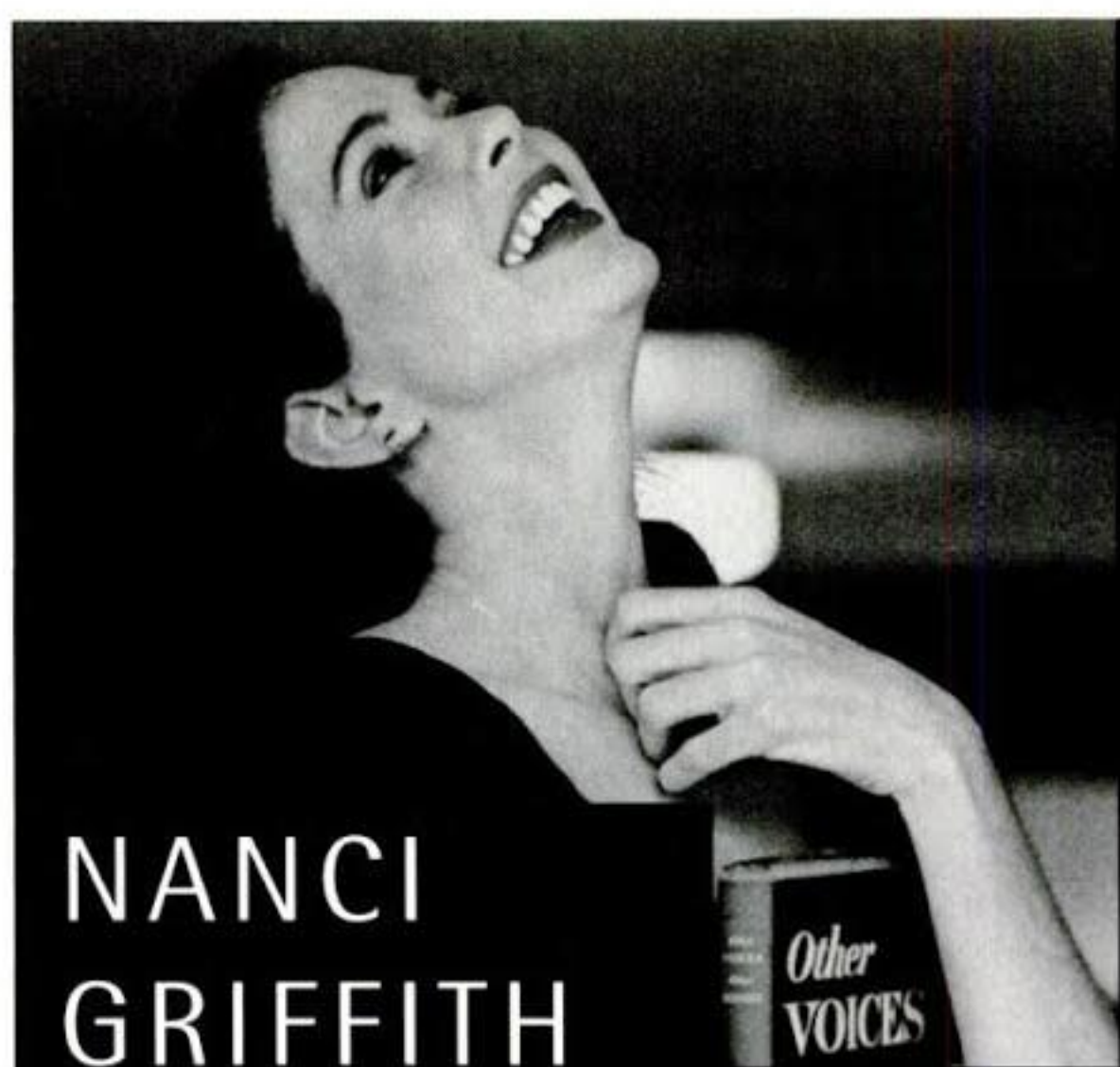
John Mack is a textbook climber, says someone who knows him well

Because Richard Fisher's background is not in bonds, he has relied on Mack to advise him on running that side of the business. As bond sales and trading grew more important at the firm—revenues have increased fivefold from 1985 to '92—so did Mack's influence. His own very personal revenues also increased: According to the firm's 1992 proxy, his compensation was \$5.3 million, the same amount paid to both Fisher and Greenhill. And, over the years, he has collected some 1.25 million shares of Morgan stock—close to 2 percent of the shares outstanding—worth \$75 million at recent prices.

Mack's replacement of Greenhill in March prompted much talk in the press about traders' having finally prevailed over bankers at the traditionally banker-dominated Morgan, but this is far from the truth. Mack started at Morgan as a bond salesman, a low-rent job—a job typically reserved for glad-handing C students—and then went into administration. He can't compare with Morgan's gutsy traders—much less its brainiac investment bankers.

The significance of Mack's promotion is really that it represents Fisher's reward to the man who, in the process of earning the nickname Mack the Knife, has always done Fisher's dirty work as well as his own. "Fisher was bred to high society," says one former associate. "He is one of the more charming people you're going to find." Indeed, he is a trustee at Princeton and belongs to pedigreed Long Island country clubs like Blind Brook and the Rockaway Hunting Club. But every George Bush needs his John Sununu. The same former associate of Fisher's says that Mack was always Fisher's "henchman." In time, we will no doubt learn whether the best person to lead Morgan Stanley was a skilled wielder of hatchets or the resourceful, ingenious Robert Greenhill.

—Rawlie Thorpe



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"I'm Suing, and I Can't Get Up!"

New York City owns a lot of property. During any given year in the 1980s the odds of your slipping and falling on city-owned property and suing the city government for damages were one in 10,683. Unless you were a judge. Then the odds plummeted to about one in 500. New York judges, it appears, are about 20 times clumsier and unluckier than ordinary folk. Or 20 times more litigious.

After rooting around in court records for a few days, SPY uncovered 8 New York judges who have filed at least 14 personal-injury suits, 10 of them slip-and-fall claims against the city and its institutions. That eight of New York's jurists would suffer *precisely the same type of accident* is the sort of statistical anomaly usually associated with birth defects in the aftermath of Chernobyl. But examined individually, the slip-and-fall cases reveal even more astonishing coincidences.

None of the injuries was what a layperson might describe as serious or debilitating. Yet most of the injuries were described as "permanent in nature and duration" in the complaints, and all are terribly painful, according to personal-injury lawyers. All of the judges demanded huge sums of money to ease their pain and suffering, sums often hundreds of times greater than their medical bills. Some demanded to be compensated for loss of income, which meant that they had to use their sick days to cover any work missed, instead of selling those days back to the taxpayers at retirement. In several cases, the only witness to the accident was the judge's spouse; invariably he or she became a party to the suit, suing for "loss of consortium," regardless of which extremity the judge actually injured.

Three of the eight judges were, coincidentally, featured in a 1992 *Village Voice* article about New York's worst judges. Prominent among these clumsy jurists is Francis N. Pecora, who retired a year ago after

serving 25 years on the bench. According to our sources, Pecora is currently under investigation by the U.S. Attorney's office in Brooklyn on suspicion of perjury and trading judicial favors in exchange for a lavish settlement of one of the three personal-injury suits he brought between 1984 and 1987.

On June 25, 1986, Pecora, driving in Brooklyn, double-parked his car and started to walk around to the passenger side to help his wife, Rose, get out. Instead he fell into a trench. According to Pecora, he "was severely injured and damaged, rendered sick, sore, lame and disabled [and suffered] great physical pain and emotional upset, some of which injuries are permanent in nature and duration."

Eight months after the accident, Pecora's medical bills totaled \$2,350. He demanded \$1 million, and he

demanded it of everyone: the City of New York, because it owned the street; the guys who dug the hole; the guys who owned the building closest to the hole. In all, he named seven defendants.

The case dragged on, and in 1988, Pecora testified that 18 months after the accident he'd had corrective surgery performed on his left hand; this, he said, left him even more permanently disabled than he was permanently disabled before. "I can't do anything with this hand,"

he complained. "My wife dresses me in the

morning. My wife undresses me at night." And in between, "if I'm sitting on the bench and I have to go to the toilet in the courthouse, I have to call a recess and run home....

In the courthouse, I have nobody to help me dress again."

So grievous was Pecora's plight that he practically cried out. "Have you ever tried to zipper your trousers with one hand?" he asked the de-

fendants' attorney. "I suggest you try it some day, then you'll know what I'm talking about."

Pecora talked about how the injury has changed his life: "I engaged in card playing before the operation. I haven't engaged in it since, because



Eight New York judges have filed slip-and-fall claims against the city and its institutions

I cannot hold the cards. I can't fool around with my records because I can't fool around with my record player. I cannot fool around with my stamp collection because I can't hold the stamps." And more: "What this has done for me is ruin my sex life."

Despite the magnitude of his injuries, Pecora dropped his complaint against all but one of the defendants, the company that was doing the actual construction work on the street. The company's insurer, Continental Insurance Company, seemed intent on trying the case, but 48 hours before the case was to go to trial, Continental abruptly settled for \$400,000.

Along with his other hardships, Pecora said, he could no longer drive. This is one of the claims the U.S. Attorney is focusing upon.

As the *Voice* reported, less than a year after the mishap in which Pecora lost the ability to drive, he was involved in another accident. He was driving. Again he found many others to blame for the mishap, and he sued nine defendants. Again he was "severely injured and damaged, rendered sick, sore, lame and disabled [and suffered] great physical pain and emotional upset." Again he demanded \$1 million. He settled for \$63,000. In other words, he received \$400,000 for not being able to drive and another \$60,000 or so for injuries suffered while driving.

That was in 1987. In 1988 he testified, "I've not been able to drive since the day of the [slip-and-fall] accident." Pecora's attorney, Philip Damashek, was quoted in the *Voice* as saying the 1988 too-crippled-to-drive testimony was "open to interpretation."

Something else that may be open to interpretation is the possibility of conflict of interest. As a judge, Pecora was almost exclusively assigned to cases in which the city was a defendant, and in which insurance companies were defendants as well. As the *Voice* reported,

after Continental Insurance bestowed \$400,000 on Pecora to settle his slip-and-fall claim, the company had five cases pending before him. But coziness may have been commonplace in Pecora's court. While attorney Damashek was representing Pecora in his spate of personal-injury suits, Damashek's firm was representing four other clients on matters before the judge. Court administrators eventually removed those cases from Pecora's calendar. Judge Pecora's son Jan worked for Damashek as a legal assistant after the cases were removed. Earlier, Jan had worked for another attorney around the time that *that* lawyer had a huge case before the judge—and the same lawyer had also represented Pecora's father, Carmine, in *his* slip-and-fall case against the city.

Another recently retired jurist has had her clumsy moments. Former Manhattan Surrogate Judge Marie Lambert, who is currently being investigated for accepting kickbacks, has filed five personal-injury cases since 1973, three of them against New York City, demanding about \$40 million in damages. In a 1988 variation, she sued Cunard Lines for \$30 million after she fell in Whittier, Alaska. This may seem excessive for falling down a few steps, but, according to her complaint, Lambert sustained "severe and permanent personal injuries...which prevented her from following her usual occupation, and incurred lost earnings as a result thereof." In 1992 she charged that a broken fence was responsible for "entrapping and tripping claimant" while she was trying to use the rear entrance of a New York courthouse. She's demanding \$2 million for that fall.

Still another judge has sued for falling in a courthouse. State Supreme Court Judge Irma Santaella accused the city of maintaining the courthouse floors "in a highly polished and/or waxed condition, causing said floors to become and re-

main slippery and unsafe to walk upon." She said that she sustained "serious and severe injuries...causing her pain and suffering and having her to expend great sums of money for medical care and attention." In fact, the "great sums of money" totaled \$2,625; Santaella demanded \$5 million. The city paid her \$18,000.

Sometimes judges sue not when they slip but when their *spouses* do. Judge Alfred Toker is suing five defendants for the loss of his wife's consortium and services as a consequence of her fall on a broken sidewalk in Manhattan. Earlier, Judge Jay Stuart Dankberg sued the city for \$50,000 for the loss of his wife's consortium (she herself sued for \$500,000 in damages). Similarly, when the husband of Judge Beatrice Shainswit fell, he and the judge sued the city for \$1 million, he for physical injuries, she for "the standard loss of services." Judge Shainswit, who enjoys a pretty good reputation, eventually withdrew her case against the city, which settled with her husband for \$6,500.

Of all the judicial spouses who have sued for loss of consortium, seemingly no one suffered more agonizingly than Rose Pecora, wife of Francis. In her fourth decade of marriage to her now 70-year-old husband, she lost her consortium three separate times. In fact, she barely had time to regain it before losing it again.

Judge Pecora, by the way, filed yet a fourth lawsuit, this one claiming that *New York Newsday* had libeled him in a series of articles about a real estate lawsuit. In time Pecora dropped the suit, claiming "ill health," and retired. "I am learning to play the clarinet," he announced in court documents, "and music will be my future." It will be interesting to see if this one-handed clarinetist will end up giving performances behind bars.

—Frank Feldinger, with
Carol Vinzant

Naked City

The Usual Suspects

1

At a dinner given by **David Dinkins**, the pathetic, doomed New York mayor paid repeated visits to the table where **Wilbert Tatum**, co-publisher-for-a-day of the *New York Post* and publisher of the criminal-coddling, Jew-hating weekly *Amsterdam News*, was sitting. During one of these visits, the two men jovially derided the food being served and expressed their desire for trotters, otherwise known as pigs' feet. The mayor, in uncharacteristically high spirits, pointed to a white woman seated near Tatum and said, "I bet this girl doesn't even know what trotters are!" The woman, seeing that Dinkins expected a response, said, "Um, they're horses that trot on the racetrack, right?" This answer produced unbuttoned contemptuous guffaws from the two men, particularly Dinkins. Continuing the fun, Dinkins said, "I'll bet you don't know what chitlins are either!" The woman's failure to produce a correct response sent the two men into renewed spasms of laughter.

Norman

2

Think profoundly, act locally. Socialite-novelist **Norman Mailer** has apparently launched himself into yet another vocation: ecowarrior. Not long ago he was taking out his trash in front of his Brooklyn brownstone when

he noticed a neighbor absentmindedly putting a bag of ordinary garbage into a recycling can.

David "What are you doing?" snapped the man who writes deforesting, thousand-page unread books. The young woman, to whom Mailer had never before spoken, looked up, startled, and Mailer berated her. "It's a recycling day!" he cried. "Cans, bottles, papers! Anyone can see that!" And so, little by little, the planet is saved.

3

Busy bachelor dad **Jack Nicholson** is perhaps finally feeling his age. He was in Paris not long ago, promoting *Hoffa*, and his labors included being interviewed by a comely young *journaliste*. He answered questions for a while but then decided to remind the interviewer that he hadn't always been his current, slow-moving, Brando-size self. *You know*, he said, *in the old days, after 20 minutes of this, I would have tried to fuck you*. If Nicholson had hoped his line would be provocative—*Why, M. Nicholson, what do you mean, "zee old days"?*—he was disappointed. The reporter simply confirmed his intuition that he probably seemed fairly decrepit to her. She replied, *Oh, zat's funny—20 years ago you tried to fuck my mother.* ☺

It Blows What Lobbyists Are Saying

About Clinton's Economic Plan

"We have heard the trumpets," declares the epigraph in President Clinton's stirring economic plan, "A Vision of Change for America." "And now each in our own way...we must answer the call." Inevitably, a number of business groups affected by proposed subsidy cutbacks or tax increases have also heard Clinton's trumpets; but the ones we called didn't like the sound of them one bit. —Louis Theroux

WE'RE REASONABLE...

American Honey Producers Association:

"We don't mind taking our fair share of the cuts." **American Soybean Association:** "Soybean farmers are willing to shoulder their part of the burden." **Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association:**

"[We're] willing to share the burden to help clear up the economic problems." **American Petroleum Institute:** "We agree that the deficit is far too large, [and we don't mind a tax if] all segments of the economy are equally hit."

American Mining Congress:

"We're prepared to pay our fair share."

BUT FOR YOUR INFORMATION...

American Honey Producers Association:

"[The budget data] really isn't correct." **American Sheep Industry Association:** "I think the savings could be fictitious.... I mean, it's not a savings, it's additional revenue."

Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association:

"I don't understand how you—who's saving money?" **American Petroleum Institute:** "Simple arithmetic demonstrates that the estimate of revenue is far too low."

American Mining Congress:

"I can't understand their numbers."

IN ACTUAL FACT...

American Honey Producers Association: "I don't think it'll save any money at all." **American Sheep Industry Association:** "It could end up to be overall a money loser for the taxpayer."

Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association: "[It will] be negative to the economy." **American Petro-**

leum Institute: "You're going to stunt your economic growth."

American Mining Congress:

"It is going to adversely impact the economy rather than help reduce the deficit."

MAKE NO MISTAKE...

American Honey Producers Association:

"It'll be disastrous to the bee-keeping industry." **American Sheep Industry Association:**

"One little push might send us off the cliff." **American Soybean Association:**

"It will increase the pressure on those [soybean farmers] that are close to the edge."

American Petroleum Institute:

"There are a number of smaller companies that are just on a margin now. This would probably prevent them from staying in business."

American Mining Congress:

"[It] will basically shut in a lot of the mining operations in this country."

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS...

American Honey Producers Association: "This certainly doesn't meet a fairness standard."

American Sheep Industry Association:

"We think that it's unfair." **American Soybean Association:** "Agriculture is once again being asked by Washington to pay more than its fair share."

Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association:

"[It] doesn't seem very fair to us." **American Petroleum Institute:** "[It's] totally unfair." ☺



The Fine Print

by Jamie Malanowski



Magazine of the Living Dead

Among our favorite spring rituals (along with taking huge amounts of antihistamines and fruitlessly hunting for a Mother's Day card that combines apt sentiment with a soupçon of wit) is presenting our yearly review of *The American Journal of Forensic Medicine and Pathology*. If this scholarly publication has one overriding message, it is that we, the living, can learn a lot from death.

There was, for example, the report from Scotland warning against combining inebriation and climbing. A recently paroled burglar, after an afternoon of irresponsible drinking, decided to examine some scaffolding. He was apparently not too drunk to climb atop a small shed but too drunk to keep from falling off the roof. Now here's the funny, we-see-Robbie-Coltrane-in-the-lead part: Though lucky enough to be caught by the bottom of his pants on an iron railing spike, he was too drunk to hoist himself upright, and he hung upside down and was smothered by his own weight.

In the People Are Funny category, the *Journal* offers an account of a Texas woman killed by her pet Chow. She was found ►

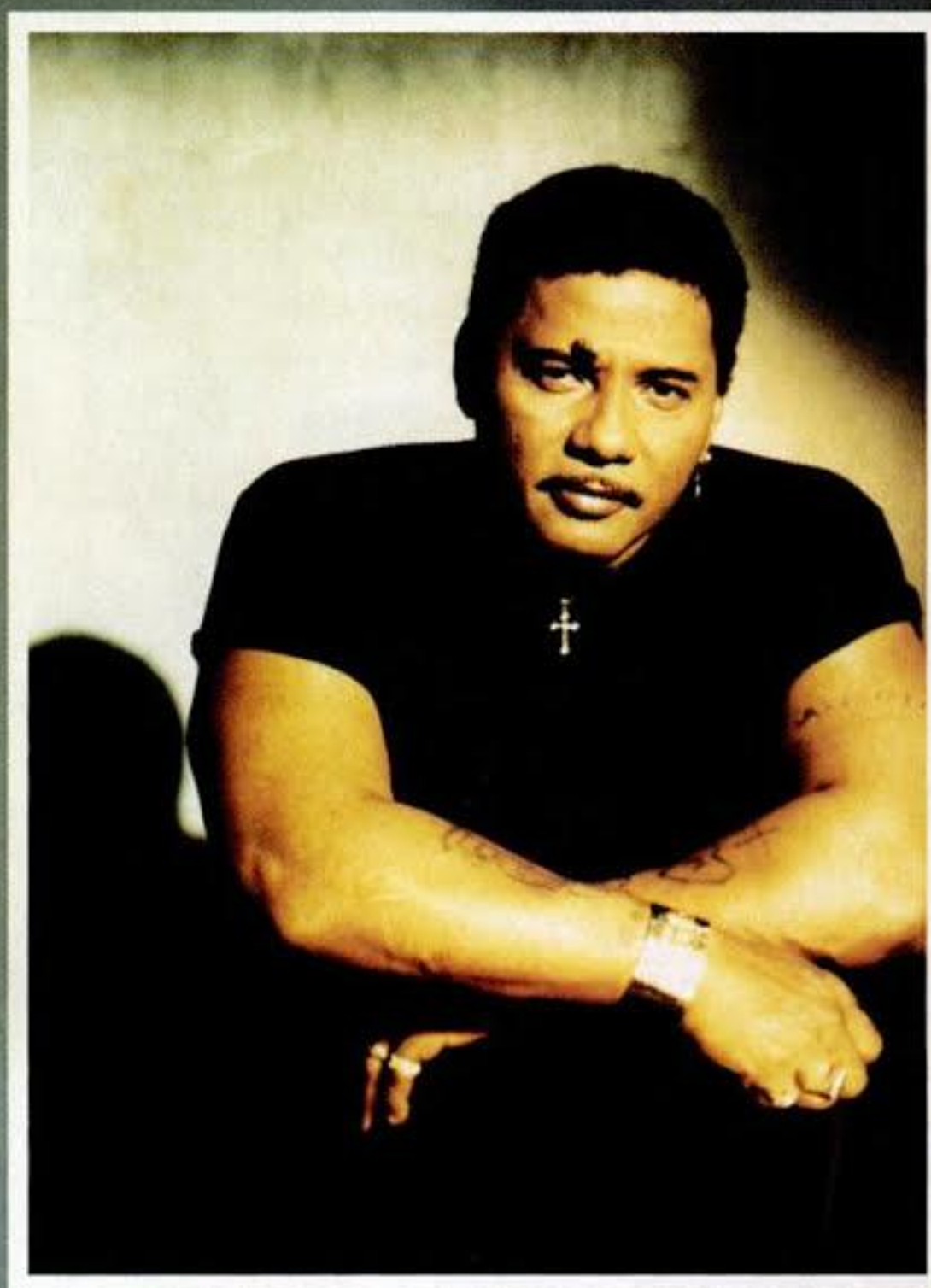
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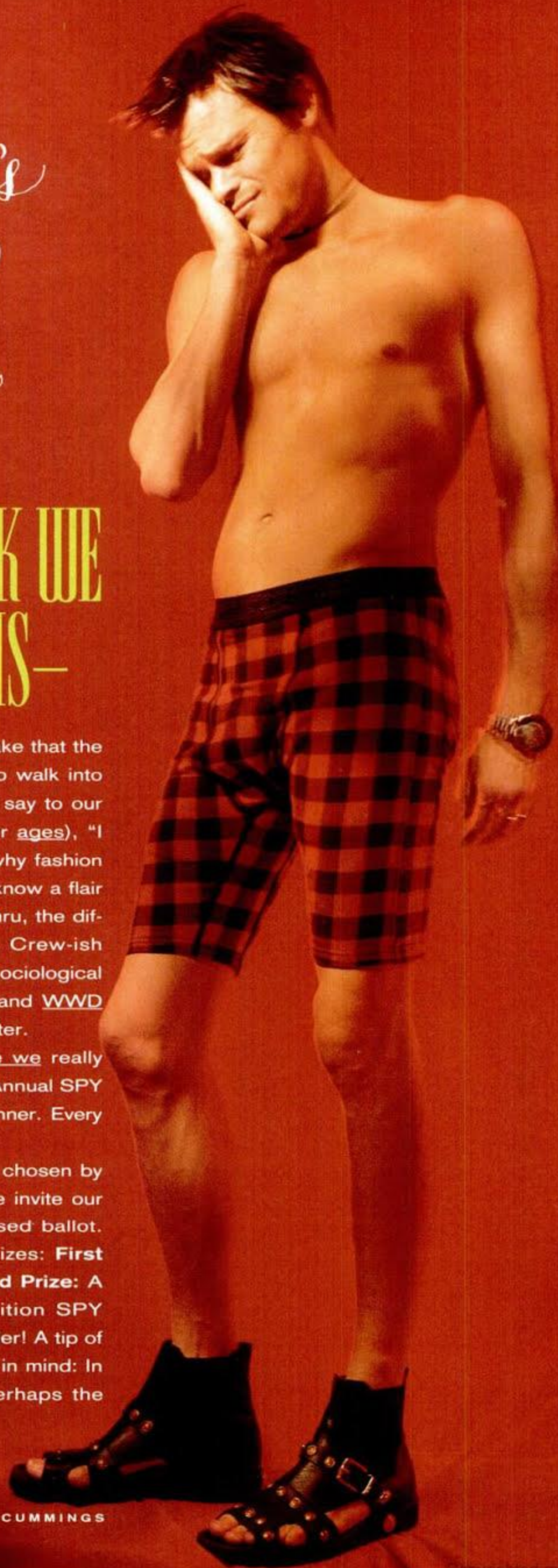
SPY Men's Fashion Awards

SURELY YOU DON'T THINK WE ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THIS—

it's deadline day, and the Armani is at the cleaners. Make that the Armanis. We may look like the kinds of shoppers who walk into The Gap and ask, "Don't you have this in black?," or say to our regular salesman at Paul Stuart (he's known Dad for ages), "I think I'll wait on the seersucker," but we understand why fashion in the 1990s is distinct from la mode of the '60s. We know a flair leg from an elephant bell, a stand-up collar from a Nehru, the difference between plain brown and a Tweedsian, J. Crew-ish tobacco. And we're pretty sure we can explain the sociological significance of grunge, or at least why Elsa Klensch and WWD started using it as both adjective and noun over the winter.

Because we really wear—no, make that Because we really care, allow us to present the nominations for our First Annual SPY Men's Fashion Awards. (Come to our presentation dinner. Every penny goes directly to research.)

The designers listed on the pages that follow were chosen by retailers, the fashion press and fellow designers. We invite our readers to vote for the winners by using the enclosed ballot. Those who enter have a chance to win fabulous prizes: **First Prize:** A new fall wardrobe courtesy of SPY. **Second Prize:** A \$250 shopping spree. **Third Prize:** A limited-edition SPY watch—the ultimate accessory for the loyal SPY reader! A tip of our stocking cap to all the nominees. But please keep in mind: In the world of fashion there are no losers, except perhaps the people who run Gitano Jeans. Congratulations all!



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GUY AROCH



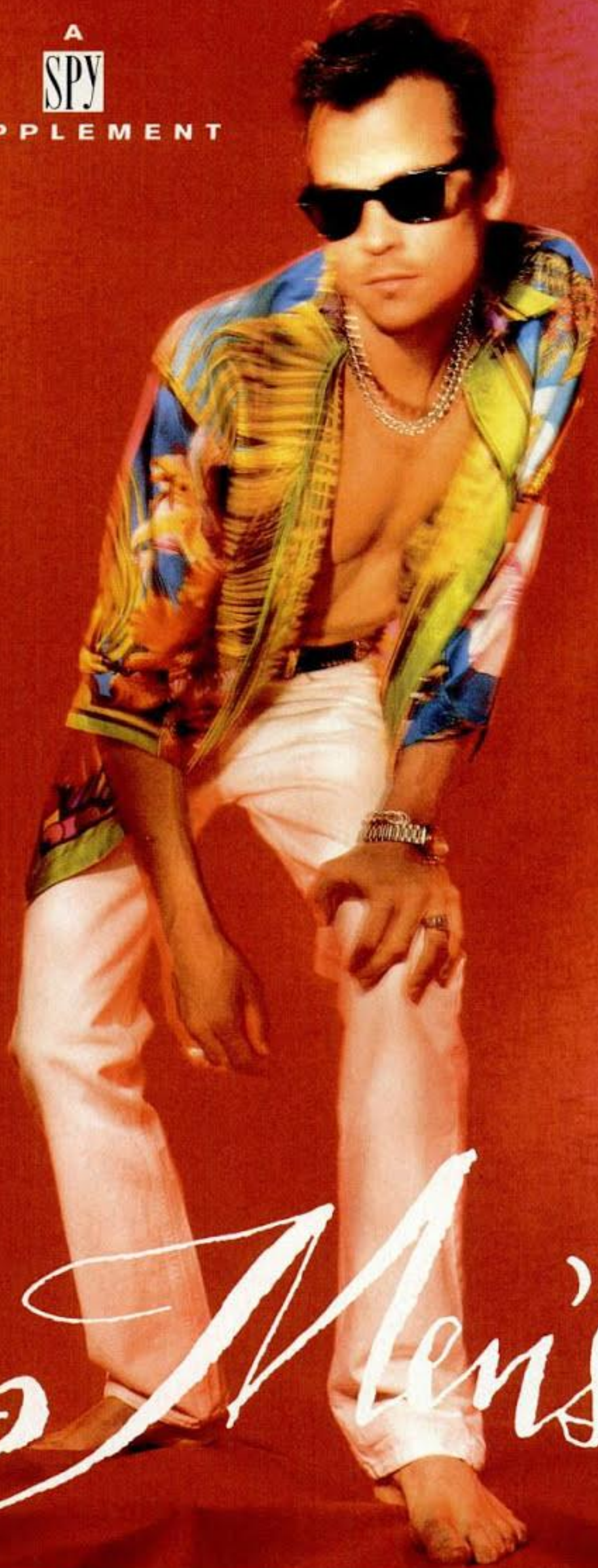
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SPY

SUPPLEMENT



Men's Fashion

CASUAL SHIRTS

- a) Ralph Lauren
- b) Paul Smith
- c) Gianni Versace

CASUAL PANTS

- a) Armani A/X
- b) Banana Republic
- c) The Gap

WATCHES

- a) Swatch
- b) Tag Heuer
- c) Timex

JEANS

- a) Calvin Klein
- b) Levi's
- c) The Gap

UNDERWEAR

- a) Calvin Klein
- b) Jockey
- c) Joe Boxer

SHOES

- a) Kenneth Cole
- b) Ferragamo
- c) Timberland



Awards

SWEATERS

- a) Dolce & Gabbana
- b) Donna Karan
- c) Ralph Lauren

OUTERWEAR

- a) Columbia Sportswear
- b) Dolce & Gabbana
- c) Tommy Hilfiger

SNEAKERS

- a) Converse
- b) Nike
- c) Reebok

SPORT COATS

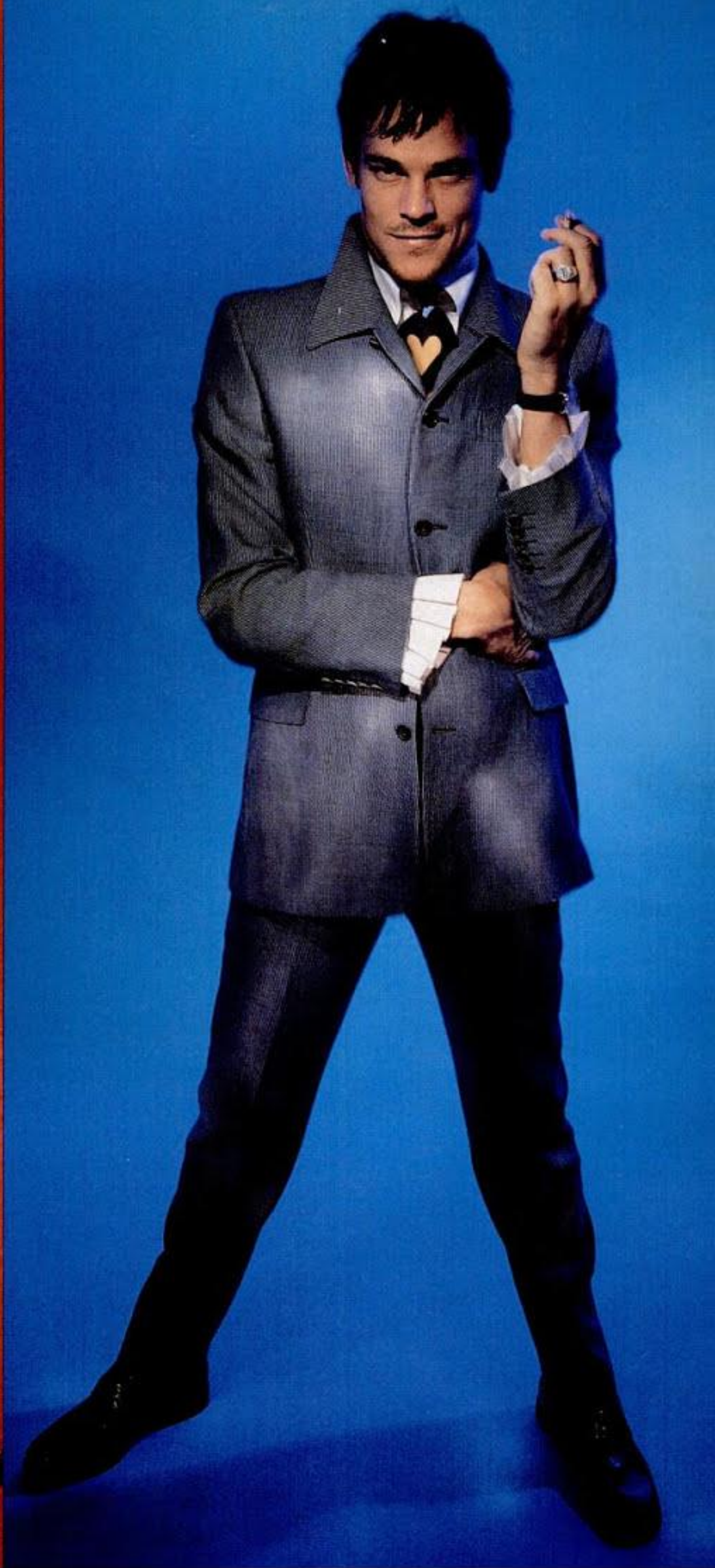
- a) Giorgio Armani
- b) Calvin Klein
- c) New Republic
- d) Ralph Lauren

SHIRTS

- a) Giorgio Armani
- b) Ralph Lauren
- c) Paul Smith

HATS / CAPS

- a) The Gap
- b) Hypnotic Hats
- c) Kangol



FORMALWEAR

- a) Giorgio Armani
- b) Ralph Lauren
- c) Valentino

SUNGLASSES

- a) Giorgio Armani
- b) Calvin Klein
- c) Ray-Ban

SUITS

- a) Giorgio Armani
- b) Donna Karan
- c) Ralph Lauren
- d) Paul Smith

TIES

- a) Giorgio Armani
- b) Gene Meyer
- c) Nicole Miller

ATHLETIC

- a) Champion
- b) Fila
- c) Russell

TOP CATS

When asked to name the professions that require some sartorial savvy, our survey participants named actors, musicians and politicians as the best dressed. Yet another slight to the floor coverers of America! (Sorry, fellows; maybe next year.) Adonises all, our nominees will not disappoint.



MUSICIAN

Eric Clapton

Harry Connick Jr.

Wynton Marsalis

Music-makers, fashion-risk-takers: One nominee is a crooner, one's rock's leading guitarist extraordinaire, and the third's the preeminent trumpeter in all of jazzdom. Please welcome the romantic Harry Connick Jr., the eclectic Eric Clapton (we like the horned-rims) and the cool, very cool Wynton Marsalis.

ACTOR

Richard Gere

Jeremy Irons

Jack Nicholson

Representing the thespian species, the most-natty trio consists of Jack Nicholson (bespectacled or not, eyes bloodshot or not), Richard Gere (he may be tight with the Dalai Lama, but they do not shop together) and Jeremy Irons (we need someone to think British, even undressed).



POLITICIAN

Bill Clinton

Al Gore

JFK Jr.

In the presidential category—present and future—you've named our prexy, Bill (code word Elvis) Clinton, a newcomer to any best-dressed list; vice prexy Al ("Sundance") Gore, F.O.E. (Friend of the Earth); and John-John Kennedy, perennial bachelor No. 1. Special mention to his all-perfect head of hair.

FASHION CREDITS

HAIR BY NORMAN JAMES

GROOMING BY RENEE SERRA

HAND-LETTERING BY MARTIN MAYO

PAGE 21: Stretch buffalo-check underwear by Joe Boxer. Watch by Tag Heuer. Sandals by Gianni Versace.

PAGE 22 LEFT: Silk shirt by Gianni Versace. Denim jeans by Levi's 501. Watch by Tag Heuer. Belt by Gianni Versace. Wayfarer sunglasses by Ray-Ban. Necklace and ring by Greg Wolf. **PAGE 22 RIGHT:** Cotton ribbed tank top by Calvin Klein Underwear for Men. Denim jeans by Calvin Klein Jeans. Linen flag-print shirt by New Republic. Glasses by Calvin Klein. Necklace by Greg Wolf. Boots and bandana from Kaufman's Army Navy, NYC. **PAGE 23 LEFT:** Cotton crocheted patchwork cardigan, vinyl jeans, belt and jewelry by

Doice & Gabbana. Sunglasses by Calvin Klein. Watch by Swatch. Boots by Carolina. **PAGE 23 RIGHT:** Cotton herringbone sport coat, cotton zip-front shirt, cotton ribbed tank top and chino flat-front pant by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Beret by Kangol. **PAGE 24 LEFT:** Ivory linen and cotton double-breasted tuxedo jacket by Giorgio Armani. Viscose starfish-print shirt and linen blend tuxedo pant by Emporio Armani. Knit skullcap and sunglasses by Giorgio Armani. **PAGE 25 RIGHT:** Linen four-button shirt-collar suit and cotton fitted, ruffle-cuff shirt by Paul Smith. Silk heart-print tie by Gene Meyer. Watch by Timex. Shoes by Kenneth Cole.

with multiple puncture wounds, and dog hair between her fingers. "The attacking dog had originally been obtained by the decedent's son for protection," the *Journal* drolly reported. "Sometime later, he was bitten by the dog. He subsequently gave the dog to his mother for her protection." Also in this category are the *Journal's* round-up of recent autoerotic deaths. Near some dead men's bodies were sexually explicit material and some handy item from home or office: a Baggie full of Liquid Paper; an athletic sock saturated in Metalcraft adhesive solvent; a spray can of freon connected with a tube from its nozzle to the man's mouth; a tank of nitrous oxide. There was also the cautionary report about a man, clad only in shortening-stained socks, who'd taken too much cocaine and other chemicals and died while using his feet to move a rather large dildo in and out of his rectum.

The *Journal* offers topical pieces as well, at least if you know how to interpret them. Hillary Rodham Clinton's task force on health care may want to hear about the case of the young man in Baltimore who'd suffered a 9mm gunshot wound. Emergency surgery repaired the damage, but he developed a bad infection and gangrene and was operated on more extensively the following

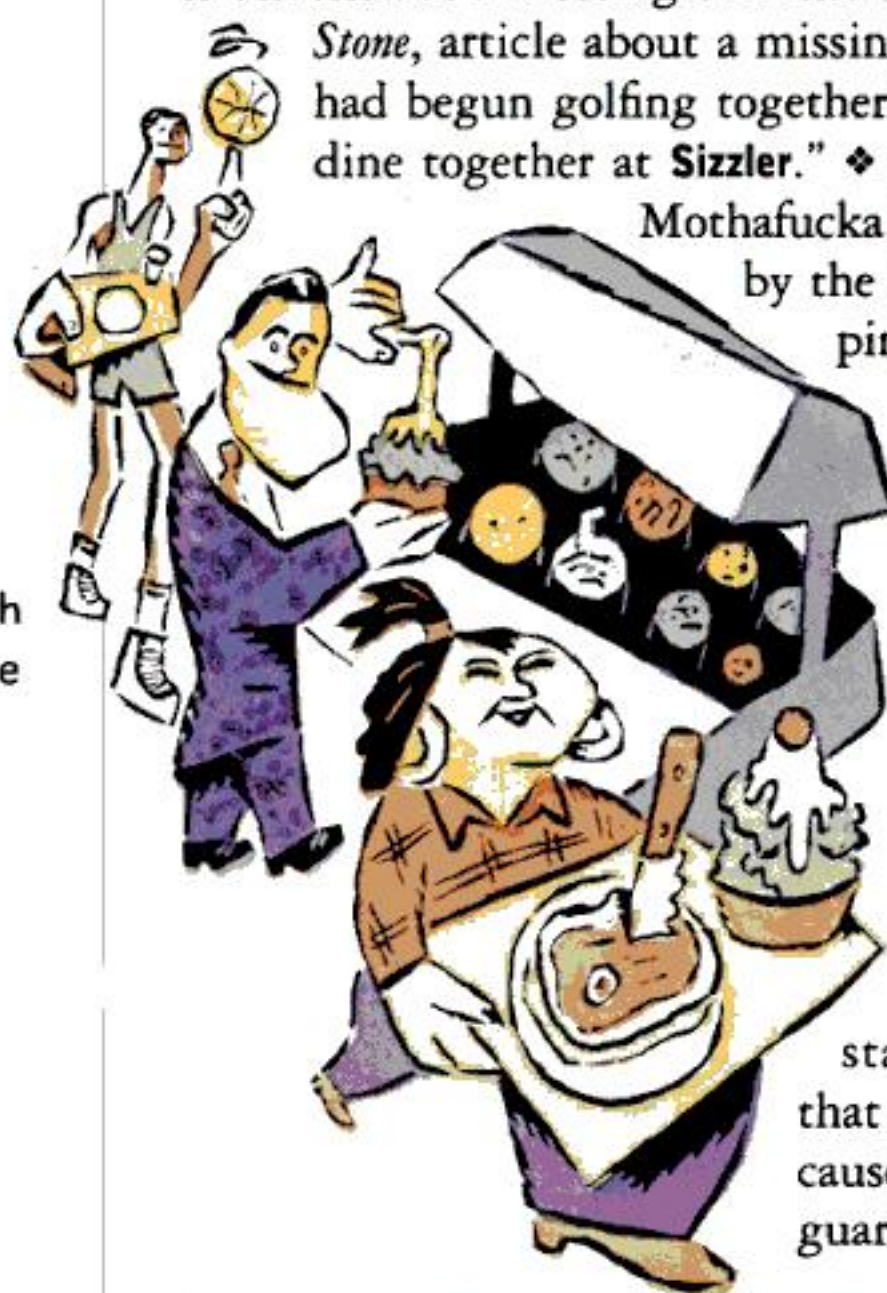
"Hark! What Light on Yonder Sizzler Breaks?"

Free Advertising—the Zeitgeist Way!

What is it about the Sizzler Steak Houses chain that has propelled it to the cutting edge of the nation's cultural iconography? Could it be the all-you-can-eat buffet? Or is Sizzler simply a surefire low-rent punch line? Or maybe it is unusual canniness on the part of the Sizzler marketing people. "I guess it would be nice if we were clever enough to have developed a product-placement strategy," a Sizzler spokesperson said when contacted by SPY. But, he said, they couldn't take credit. "So [I hope] most of the stuff seems like it's positive." Some sightings:

♦ *White Men Can't Jump*: as the dining spot of choice of Wesley Snipes's blacktop basketball team ♦ *Mother Jones*, November 1989: "[A] plan for Operation Rescue is unveiled at a meeting of antiabortion leaders in a **Sizzler** [in] Florida." ♦ *Rolling Stone*, article about a missing woman, January 21, 1993: "Diane and Peter had begun golfing together by then, often breaking off after nine holes to dine together at **Sizzler**." ♦ Ice Cube's recent track "We Had to Tear This

Mothafucka Up": "The Hogan's Heroes spotted the guerilla by the **Sizzler** hittin a police killa." ♦ Armistead Maupin's latest novel, *Maybe the Moon*: "Renee is in her room now, giggling on the phone with her latest squeeze, a guy named Royal she met at The **Sizzler** last week." ♦ *Roseanne*, October 6, 1992: The Connors receive \$10,000 from Roseanne's mother. Roseanne says, "I think it's time for a little celebration at the **Sizzler**, and this time we each get our own plate." ♦ Jay Leno's *Tonight Show* monologue, January 21, 1993: "Now, here's an interesting fact. A lot of people who were watching Clinton's Inaugural address at home thought he was standing behind bulletproof glass, you know that podium? Not true, not bulletproof glass. Because of Clinton's allergies, that was a giant sneeze guard they got in the **Sizzler**." —Susan Mitchell



Logrolling in Our Time

"As powerful a bearing of witness, as dark a story of cruelty, as redemptive a proclamation of the soul's strength as we have been given in a very long time."

—Frederick Busch on Richard Rhodes's *A Hole in the World*

"Busch's breakout book. It's powerful and shocking and not to be missed!"

—Rhodes on Busch's *Closing Arguments*

"Rich with magic, whimsy, tragedy and humor and just the right number of unforgettable characters."

—Lucinda Franks on Joyce Carol Oates's *Bellefleur*

"A highly readable, richly detailed, warmly romantic novel."

—Oates on Franks's *Wild Apples*

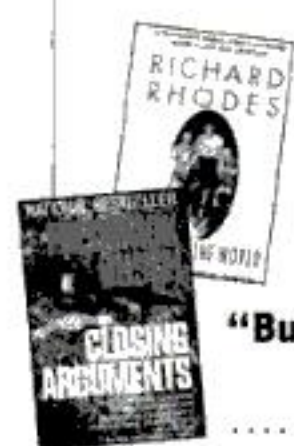
"A fascinating book, an original piece of social and legal history."

—Anthony Lewis on Fred W. Friendly's *Minnesota Rag*

"A superbly woven tapestry of First Amendment law."

—Friendly on Lewis's *Make No Law*



—Howard Kaplan



Grim Fairy Tale

Katie's Most Excellent Adventure Underground

This month St. Martin's Press will publish *My Name Is Katherine*, "the heart-rending story of little Katie Beers," the Long Island ten-year-old who was imprisoned in an underground dungeon by a family friend for two weeks. At least one other little-Katie book is said to be in the works. But why limit it to the adult market? Katie's story has all the elements of a classic children's book. —Larry Doyle

ALICE LIDDELL	KATIE BEERS
 <p>World-weary waif</p> <p>Cat was best friend</p> <p>Friendship with creepy middle-aged bachelor tolerated by family because he was a well-respected academic</p>	 <p>Worldly, weary waif</p> <p>Cat was only friend</p> <p>Friendship with creepy middle-aged bachelor tolerated by family because he bought them appliances</p>
<p>Bachelor showered her with whimsical letters, nonsense verse and delightful stories</p>	<p>Bachelor showered her with Barbie workout tape, troll doll and <i>Home Alone 2</i> for Super Nintendo</p>
<p>Inspired bachelor to invent wild tale, originally titled <i>Alice's Adventures Under Ground</i></p>	<p>Inspired bachelor to invent wild tale to cover up the fact that he had imprisoned her underground</p>
<p>Fell down hole</p>	<p>Pushed down hole</p>
<p>Drank mysterious liquid</p>	<p>Drank Slurpee</p>
<p>"She found her head pressing against the ceiling, and had to stoop to save her neck from being broken"</p>	<p>2' x 7' x 3' cell</p>
<p>"As there seemed to be no sort of chance of her ever getting out of the room again, no wonder she felt unhappy"</p>	<p>Bachelor's attorney contends that "she was very happy to be there in her own little world"</p>
<p>Spent 12 chapters having fantastic encounters with bizarre characters</p>	<p>Spent 16 days watching cable television</p>
<p>Bachelor took artistic, erotically charged photographs of young girls</p>	<p>Bachelor installed his own sophisticated surveillance equipment</p>
<p>At the end of her adventures, she awoke to discover it was all just a bad dream</p>	<p>At the end of her ordeal, she emerged to discover she might have to go back to live with her mother</p>

day. Two days later he died. An autopsy revealed that surgeons had closed his original wound with thumbtacks. "To our knowledge," the *Journal* said, "failure of thumbtacks to control life-threatening hemorrhage of the presacral venous plexus has never before been reported." Speaking strictly for ourselves, we would like Mrs. Clinton to know we would be willing to pay more for coverage that provides for the use of higher-grade materials.

After reading about so much tragicomic self-destruction (and we spared you the farmer killed by a cow and the guy in Cape Town cut in half by a car), medical examiners have a simple way, it seems, of keeping their spirits up—they make goofy jokes. Some of the papers delivered at the big medical examiners' convention the September before last in Hawaii: a study of horse-related deaths in the province of Alberta between 1975 and '90, entitled *The Revenge of Mr. Ed*; an account of a ballooning tragedy in which four people died, *Letting the Hot Air Out, Coming Down to Earth*; a report about a man who died while towing a freon-filled rubber raft on Independence Day, *Home of the Free-on the Brave: Freon Death on the Fourth of July*; and a report whose title recalls a line from a snack-food commercial, *Maggots: They're Not Just for Time of Death.* ☺

Ask Camille Paglia

Advice for the Lovelorn,

Among Others

Dear Camille: I have no trouble getting women in bed, but I just can't hold back. The evening ends before I can undo my belt.

Mortified in Madison

Dear Mortified: You overeager acolytes of the Goddess have an ancient lineage. At Cnidos, Praxiteles's famous marble statue of Aphrodite was stained by a worshiper's ejaculation. Curtail your excitement by imagining something depressing—like being trapped in an elevator with the leaders of NOW.

* * *

Dear Camille: I'm a 35-year-old married woman. Lately I've been eyeing the kinds of guys I liked when I was 15: lean, long-haired, vacant, flannel-shirt-wearing hunks. May I have one?

Lustful in Los Angeles

Dear Lustful: You mirror my mood exactly. Gather ye flannel while ye may. When lust unbridles, can menopause be far behind?

* * *

Dear Camille: Recently I went camping in the Catskills with three buddies. One night I put out the campfire by urinating on it. I thought my friends would applaud my decisive, manly gesture, but they protested loudly. The whole experience left me feeling hollow.

Dejected in New York

Dear Dejected: Freud felt urinary fire-extinguishing was early man's first proof of prowess. Today, writing girls' names in the snow is the more favored piss poetry. Expand your repertoire!

* * *

Dear Camille: I'm a female who has rape fantasies featuring ex-convicts, aliens, postapocalyptic mutant gang leaders, etc. While I invent dialogue for both sexes, I feel more "inside" the male character, even after the female has gained

the upper hand, which always happens. Am I bisexual, sado-masochistic or just strange?

Is This Hell? No, This Is Iowa

Dear Hell-in-Iowa: Make movies as soon as possible. Surf's up in your sharkish libido. It's the cyberpunk 1990s, so take us for a ride on the wild side.

* * *

Dear Camille: I'm a big WASP boy who has an ongoing thing with an older, burly Sicilian man. He's on the jealous side and says he would "cut out my heart" if he caught me with another man. But he admits having fantasies about watching me in the act with someone else. Another Sicilian man has come into the picture. Have I bit off more than I can chew?

Italophile in California

Dear Italophile: Two Sicilians, one knife and a hunk of white bread. Hmmm. Better keep your panettone covered and your eye on the nearest fire escape.

* * *

Dear Camille: What's your advice about the ever-popular male pastime of verbally harassing women on the street? My gut instinct is to snap back with "Fuck off," but it's

interpreted as an invitation to further dialogue.

Irate in Chicago

Dear Irate: Nothing made me angrier during my militant-lesbian-feminist phase 20 years ago. I now feel the street is a combat zone and modern women should not expect middle-class overprotection. Men's guttural lunges are primal mating rituals, a crude homage. Take the mentally superior position of mother or teacher and respond with quiet withering boredom or comic repartee. I've seen African American women dish it right back with humor, not rage, and win the exchange.

* * *

Dear Camille: I'm a 25-year-old full-blooded Italian rock musician. I had a deep, loving, sexually hot relationship for three years with a woman nine years older. Since we broke up, I've dated and slept with a lot of girls. But (1) they're total intellectual duds; (2) their idea of sex is lying in bed like a cadaver; or (3) they complain about their lives but don't have the balls to do anything about it. I'm so frustrated that sometimes I wish I were gay!

Glum in L.A.

Dear Glum: I sympathize. A good gal is hard to find, and don't I know it. It seems your taste buds are primed for more mature wine. (See American Gigolo and "Lustful," above.)

* * *

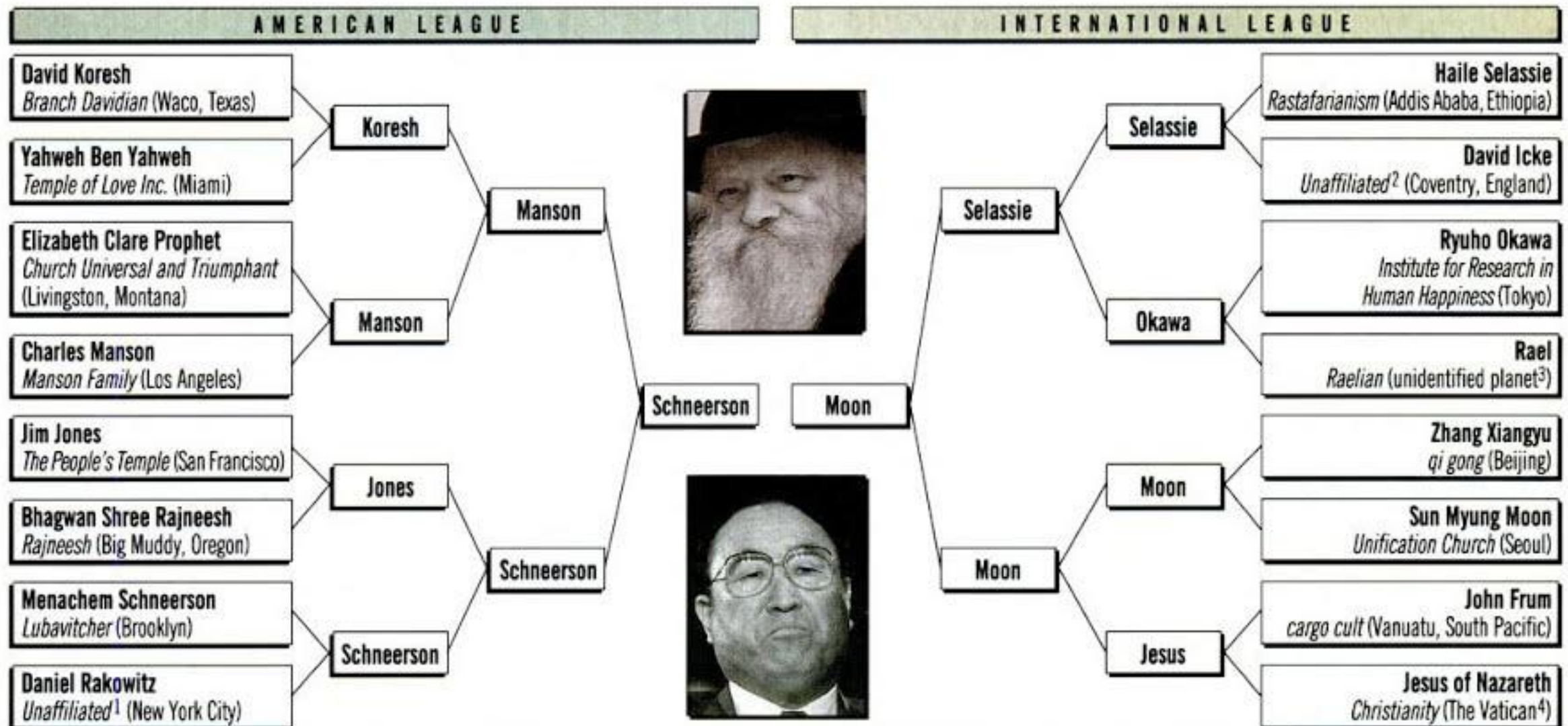
Note: "Stymied in North Carolina" {April} was a lesbian letter. Your Adviser had a major diva fit when deadline editing dropped a crucial word.

Actual responses from Camille Paglia can be obtained by writing actual letters about actual problems to Ask Camille Paglia, SPX, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. All letters become the property of SPX. ☺



The SPY Tournament

This Month: The Battle of the Messiahs



¹ expelled from Temple of the True Inner Light ² former Green Party spokesman ³ he claims; actually via central France ⁴ subject to dispute

—Daniel Radosh

It's a Wonderful Town!



A stolen statue of Saint Bernadette found near the Belt Parkway.

Photograph by Andrew Savulich

Tiny Tim and the Funky Bunch

More Celebrity Book Signings Observed

AUTHOR: MARKY MARK

WORK PROMOTED: *Marky Mark*

TIME AND PLACE: Weekday evening, Greenwich Village B. Dalton

THE SCENE: Humbert Humbert should have been a white rapper. Outside the bookstore, throngs of shrieking girls line up to meet singer and ripple-ab'ed genitalia clutcher Marky Mark. One eager hopeful slurps and announces that she would like to "suck his blood." Another young nubile, checking her breath by repeatedly exhaling into her mother's face, says, "Ma, do I need gum?" Gripping signed books and jumping up and down in Sixth Avenue traffic, a group of acid-washed, red-lipped, hoop-eared 16-year-olds screams, "Oh my God, oh shit, he's



fucking fine, oh my God, I said can I kiss you, he told me to come back, oh my God, he said to come back, he said wassup baby, calm down, I

can't, oh my God, oh shit, oh shit, oh shit, oh...." Meanwhile, inside, the star of Calvin Klein's complexion verité underwear ads is busy accepting letters, photographs, kisses and roses, signing books and telling trembling bridge-and-tunnel Lolitas, "I see you, baby." The gracious Mark also signs new Calvin Klein panties for male West Vil-

lage locals, who are slightly more demure than the giggling nymphets. Asked why he dedicated the book to his "dick," Mark replies, "He's the man."

AUTHOR: PATRICK STEWART

WORK PROMOTED: *Patrick Stewart Performs Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol,"* an audio "book on tape"

TIME AND PLACE: Weekday lunchtime, midtown Brentano's

THE SCENE: "I'm not in *Star Trek* mode," insists Royal Shakespearean and Broadway Dickensian actor Patrick Stewart. One of Stewart's entourage scoffs at the performer's television role of Captain Jean-Luc Picard on *Star Trek: The Next Generation*: "It's a job. A very good job. But just a job." Asked to autograph a homemade oil portrait of Captain Picard, Stewart barks a Scrooge-like "No!" The stage actor also refuses to sign one fan's *Christmas Carol* CD with the Picardian catchphrase "Make it so," saying, "It has nothing to do with this." The obliging Trekker settles for a scribbled "Humbug." Forgetting that *Hamlet* has nothing to do with Dickens *and* has also been seen on television, Stewart writes, "Words, words, words," for another fan (who has trouble placing the quotation). As for the less literary matter of hand-shaking, Stewart treats Trekkers and Dickens die-hards equally: "I can't do that. It slows everything down." The bald actor won't let an elderly matron snap his photo. "My gray hair isn't getting me any sympathy," she sighs.

—Debby Rovine

Celebrity Math Chapter 4



$$\text{Sam Lefrak} + \left(\frac{1}{2} \text{ Sally Kirkland} \times \text{Al Sharpton} \right) = \text{Donald Trump}$$

$$\text{Ken Berry}^2 = \text{Tommy Tune}$$

$$\left(\text{Cher} - \text{Amy Fisher} \right) \times \left(\text{Sian Phillips} + \text{Isak Dinesen} \right) = \text{Anjelica Huston}$$

$$\left(\text{Twyla Tharp} + \text{Andre the Giant} \right) \times \frac{1}{2} \text{ Ross Perot} = \text{Michael Jordan}$$

—Mark O'Donnell and Marion Rosenfeld



The SPY Lazlo Letters

INSTALLMENT II

The Pork Chop Stops Here

Herewith, the first correspondences between the new president and Lazlo Toth (aka Don Novello): the traditional letter of congratulations followed by the traditional request for a job (disappointed by the VP's response to his deficit-cutting ideas [April], Toth decided to get directly involved in national service).



Governor Bill Clinton
President Elect of the United States
Governor's Mansion
Little Rock, ARKANSAS

Lazlo Toth
P.O. Box 245
Fairfax, California
94930 U.S.A.

November 15, 1992

Dear Governor Clinton,

Congradulations on your victory! Like George Bush said, "You ran a good campaign", - but I don't know how he would know since he was asleep during half of it and looked like he was overmedicated for the other half. I was for him, but I sure didn't like it in the debates when he kept putting down your state - Arkansas!

I know former President Bush is going to be kept pretty busy preparing for his upcoming trial, but if he plans to take a vacation first and decides to drive across the U.S., I hope his car doesn't break down in Arkansas. I'll bet Arkansas would rank #50 in stopping to help a former President fix a flat! He would be better off he got a flat in Iraq! Do you get that one? You can use it.

Just consider it a patriotic gesture from a fellow American who wishes you the best - not like a certain spoiled brat Senator, I'm not mentioning any names - Robert Dole! I think he's just mad because he's too old to run for President! He said Bush should pardon Weinberger because IranContragate is a political issue, and not a legal one. If it's not a legal matter, why does he need a pardon? I don't get it! Regardless, I hope you will take the high road when it comes time to pardon President Bush. A lot of people wanted him to serve another term, but nobody thought it would be in the slammer!

Governor Clinton, Future President! - don't turn your back on the image of the office of President - please! pardon George Bush!

Also, I am in the process of marketing forty-two unique "Fit for a President" microwavable TV dinners, and I read that your favorite meal is beef tenderloin marinated overnight in Wish-Bone Italian style dressing. I have already tested your meal, and it is delicious! And it got me experimenting, and I would like to suggest to you a new invention I came up with - Pork Chops soaked overnight in Thousand Island dressing. Deeeelicious! Should I go ahead and package up the "Wish-Bone Clinton Steak Italiano", or do you want to try my "Thousand Island Clinton Chops" first? Let me know.

Also, let me put this in your ear: Who would make a great Ambassador to China? Richard Nixon! Think it over, that's all I ask.

Lazlo Toth



OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT AND VICE PRESIDENT-ELECT

Thank you so much for writing to me. It's important that I hear the thoughts, experiences, and concerns of people who care about the future of America. I appreciate your taking the time to let me know how you feel.

Bill Clinton

P.O. Box 245
Fairfax, California
94930
December 1, 1992

Clinton Transition Team
State House
Little Rock, Arkansas

To: President-Elect Clinton Transition Team
From: Lazlo Toth, California

Applying For: Employment in Clinton Administration

What Department: Department of the Deficit

Position: Deficit Csar

2nd choice: Deputy Deficit Csar

(If you owe somebody a favor and have to give him the top spot, I'll step down to the next slot.)

Starting Salary: \$9 per hour plus moving expenses and room and board.

My Proposed Platform:

As the Deficit Csar, or the Deputy Deficit Csar, I will do all I possibly can to rid the nation of the nagging debt that hovers over us like so many turkey buzzards cutting off the sunshine so proper light cannot even begin to reach the budding future crops of commerce.

Now, I'm sorry, but I have to get going. I know I haven't got the job yet, but I'm starting to pack up and put a few things in storage anyway. I figure once I get the word you'll want me in D.C. - or Little Rock A.S.A.P. (As Soon As Possible).

See you soon!
Together we can do it!

Lazlo Toth

Lazlo Toth

Separated at Birth?



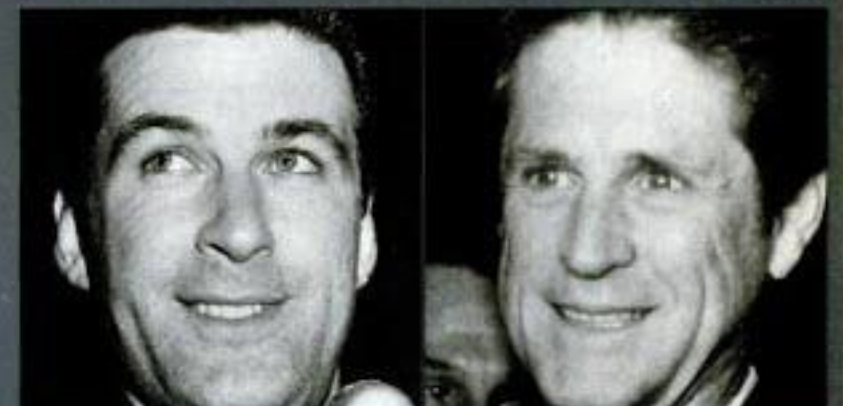
Cloris Leachman...

and Field Marshal
Montgomery?



Pat Schroeder...

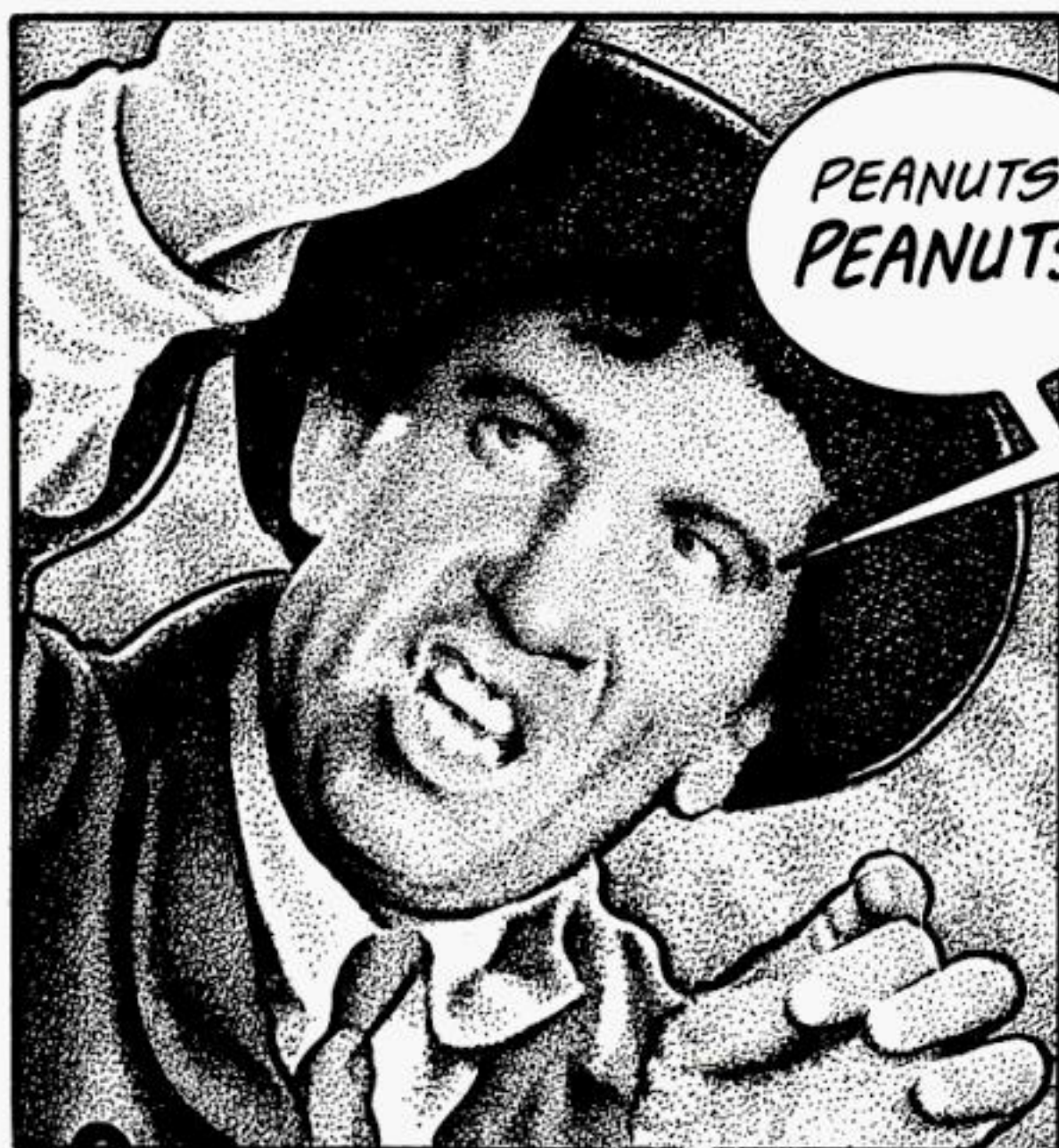
and Jimmy Page?



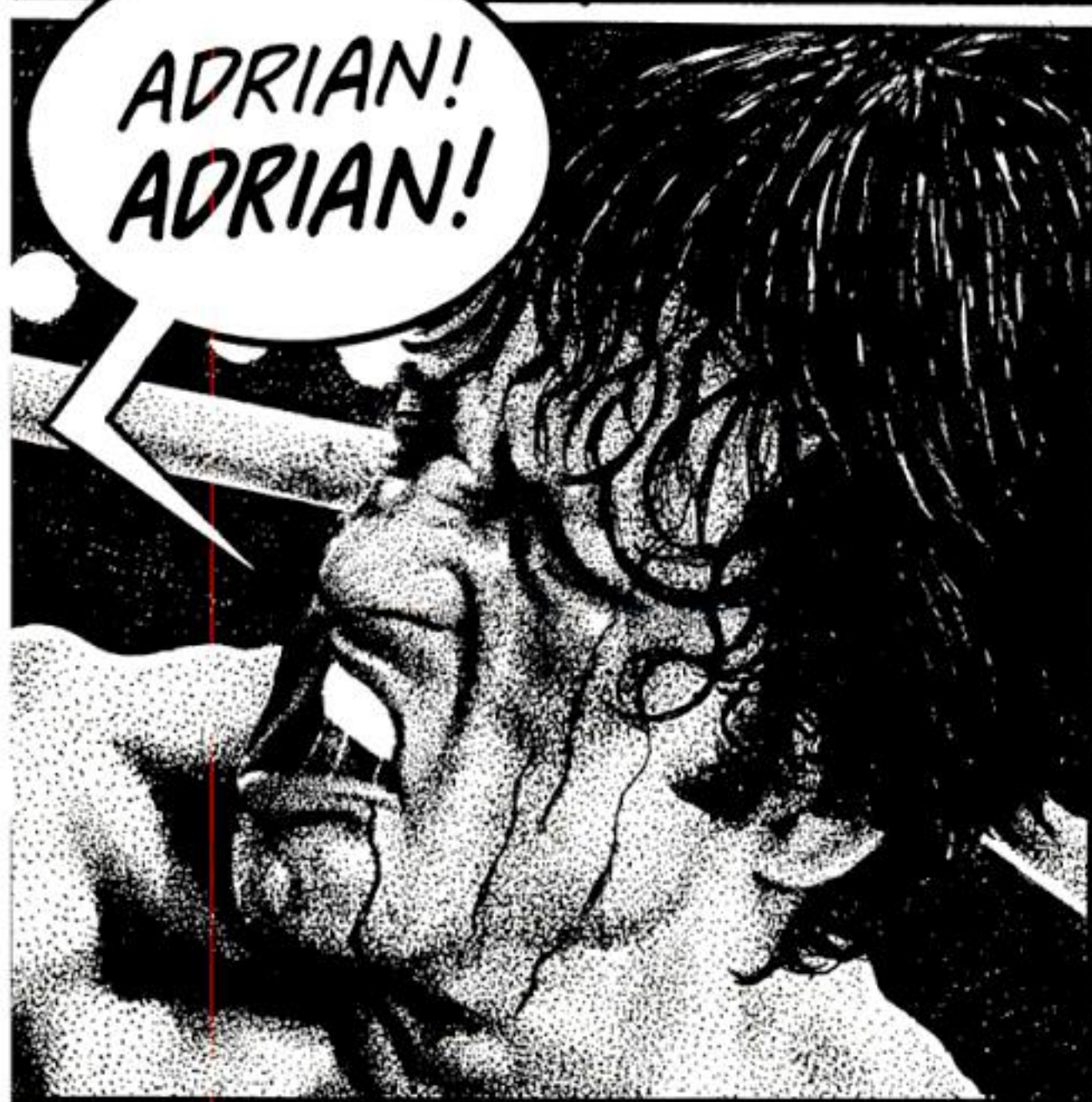
Alec Baldwin...

and Brian Wilson?

AMERICA'S LOVE AFFAIR WITH ETHNICS



HOLLERING ONE WORD OVER AND OVER



Written by Joanne Gruber; art by Drew Friedman

SPY WEAR BY PHONE



New SPY Cotton Cap \$13.95

Unbleached 100% cotton cap with red SPY logo, brim and adjustable strap. One size fits all.



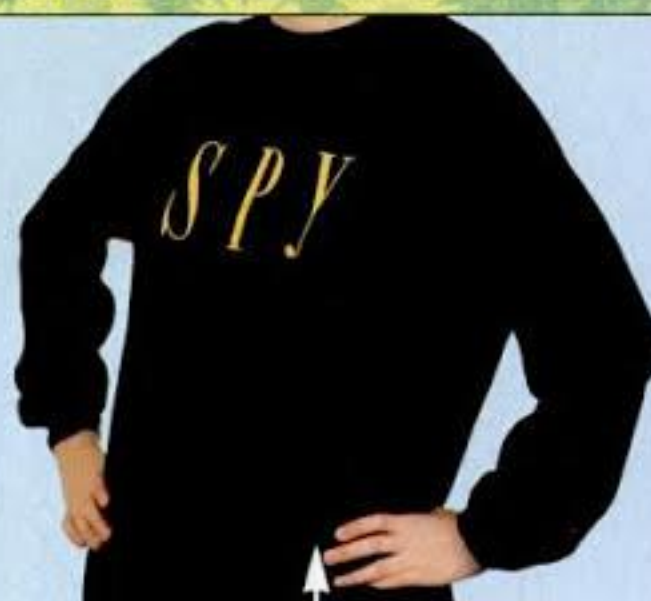
also available...

The perfect tees, a heavy-duty sweatshirt and a classic hat!



The New SPY Sweatshirt \$39.95

Natural 95% cotton heavyweight crossweave sweatshirt with embroidered red logo. M, L, XL



Short-Sleeve Beefy-T \$12

100% cotton, comes in black with classic yellow SPY logo, or white with new red SPY logo. M, L, XL

Classic SPY Hat

Black 100% cotton cap with classic yellow SPY logo and adjustable leather strap. One size fits all.



Long-Sleeve Beefy-T \$15

100% cotton, comes in black with classic yellow SPY logo, or white with new red SPY logo. M, L, XL



QTY	ITEM	BLACK	WHITE	SIZE (S)	\$
	The SPY Sweatshirt				
	Long Sleeve Beefy-T				
	Short-Sleeve Beefy-T				
	The Unbleached SPY Hat				
	Classic Black SPY Hat				

TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED (plus \$2 shipping & handling)

Name

Address

City

State

ZIP

Credit Card Number

Exp. Date

Signature

Tel. (daytime)

Method of Payment:

☐ Check ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amex

Enclose a check or money order (no cash accepted; N.Y. residents include 8.25% sales tax). Specify quantity, detach coupon and mail to SPY Wear, The SPY Building, 5 Union Square West, New York, N.Y. 10003. Offer limited to the U.S. and Canada. Canadian residents, please pay additional U.S. \$2.50 per item. Good only while supply lasts. Please allow 4-6 weeks for delivery. For subscription information dial 1-800-333-8128.



BIG PICTURES

This month: *Oh, Jackie!*

Chain-saw rhinos, real-life Crying

Game 2. Plus: Ivana in a gilded cage

and Dewi in the joint. **May 1993**

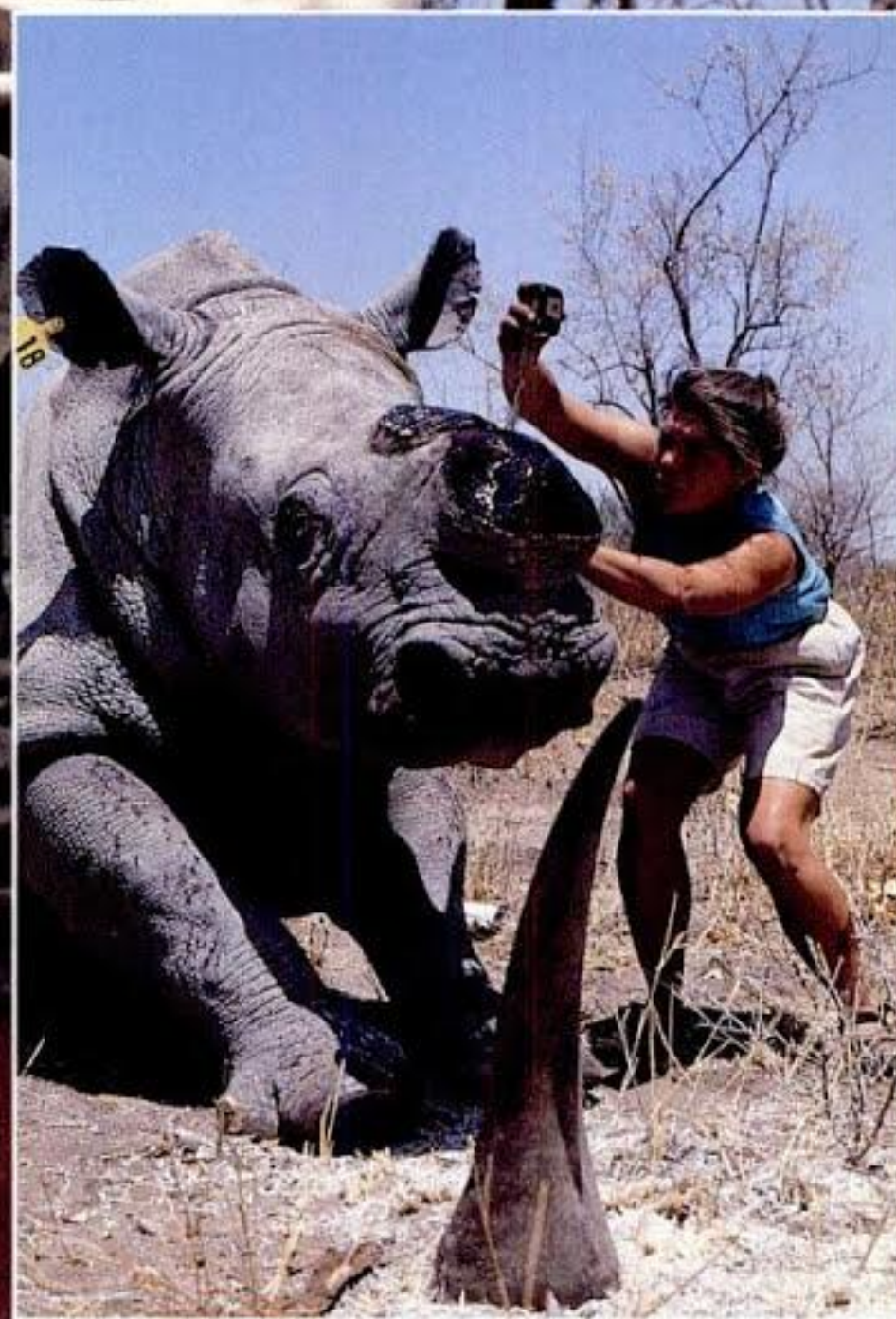
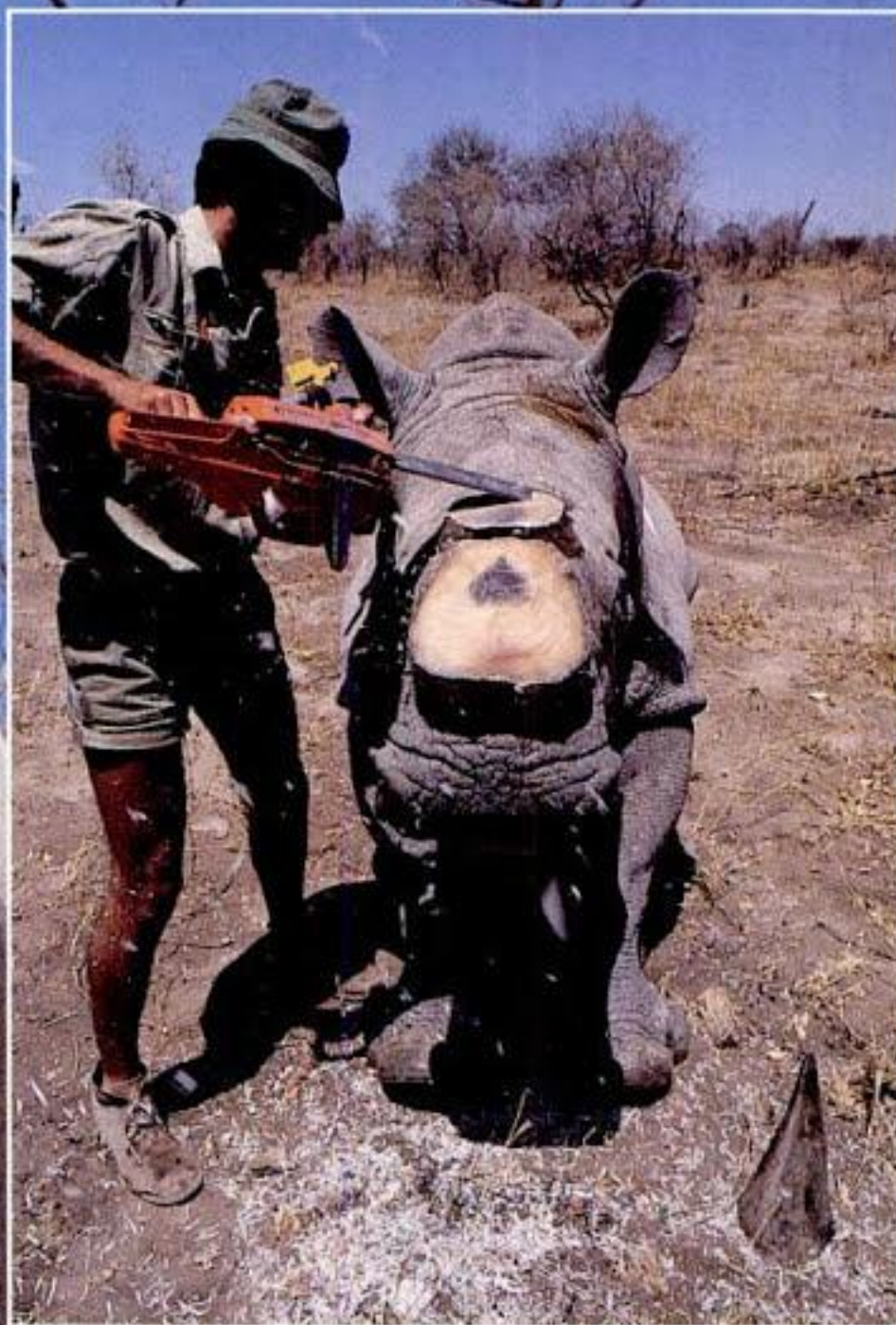


WORLD'S MOST ELEGANT WOMAN
The hands of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis

SPY *BIG PICTURES*



As protection from poachers, an anesthetized Zimbabwean white rhino is dehorned.



SPY BIG PICTURES





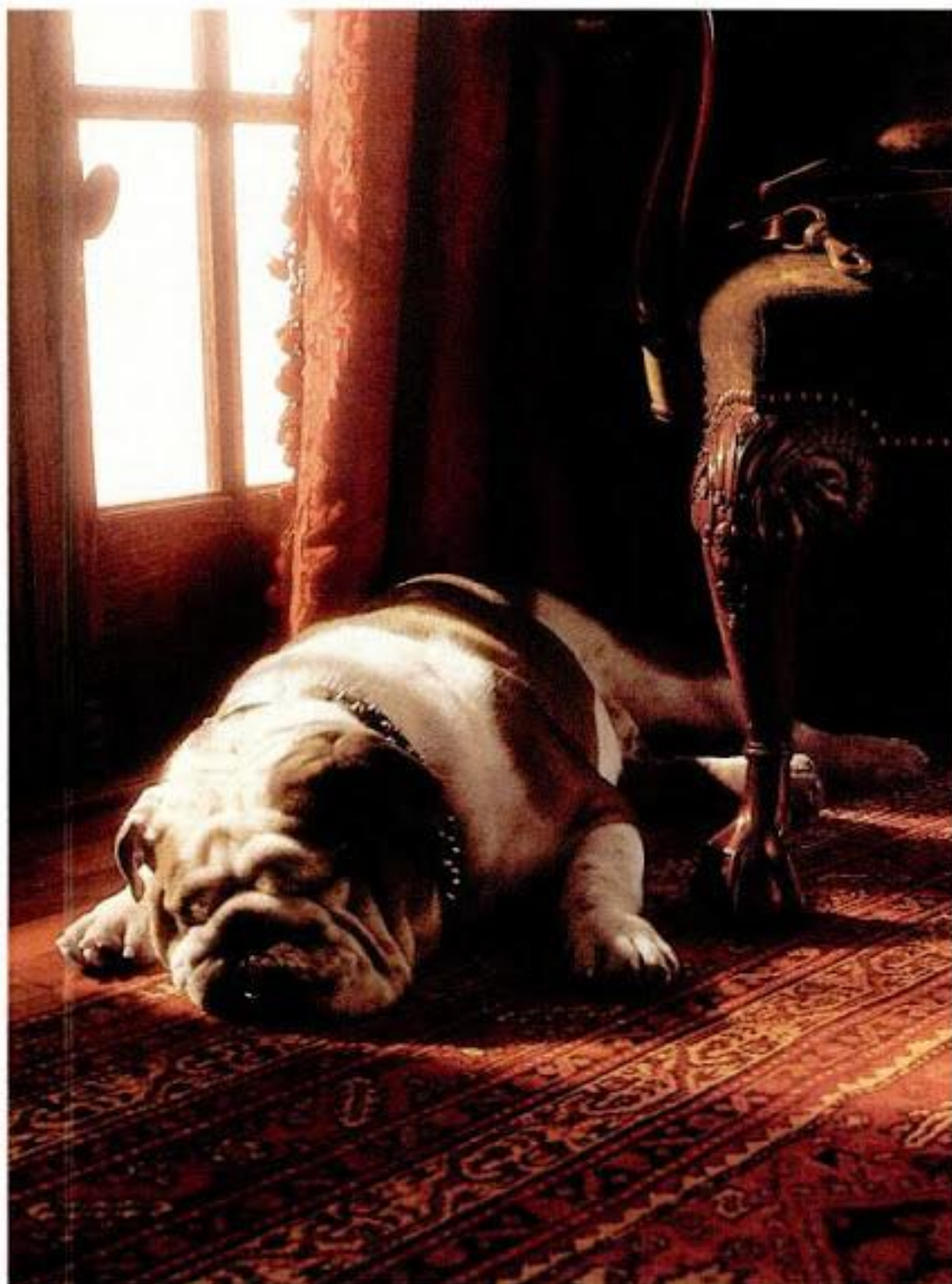
**The British Royal Army's
Parachute Regiment performs
a mock hostage rescue**



Life-styles of the rich and vulgar and of the rich and vulgar and incarcerated: top, Ivana Trump at home in New York; bottom, Dewi Sukarno in jail in Aspen

This Is Gin.

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100 DAYS
OF CLINTON



GOOD NEWS BAD NEWS

AS COLUMNISTS AND COMMENTATORS
WRAP THEIR SYNAPSES AROUND BILL CLINTON'S
FIRST 100 DAYS IN OFFICE—

Buchanan: *Could have been better*; Kinsley: *Could have been worse*—the limits of biopunditry are once again laid bare. And so, in keeping with this administration's commitment to high tech, we booted up Virtual Historymaker™ on our Cray and generated more than 1 billion possible 100-day scenarios. Our conclusions, as shown on the accompanying graph: It could have been better, but also, and just as important, it could have been worse.

By Larry Doyle

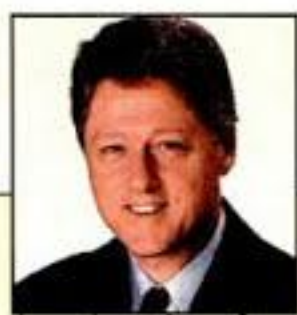
ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BRODNER

50%

RATING

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**CLINTON PROMISES ALL AMERICANS,
'WHAT YOU WANT IS WHAT YOU GET'**

DEVIATES FROM TEXT

Extemporaneous Address
Inspired During Morning
Jog, President's Aides Say

**CLINTON UNVEILS MAJOR REFORMS
ON HEALTH CARE, WELFARE, CRIME,
EDUCATION, CABLE TV INDUSTRY**

DOLE DUMBSTRUCK

Abortion-Clinic Gag Rule,
Gay Military Ban
Reversed as Well

**CLINTON DEFENDS
KIMBA WOOD FOR
ATTORNEY GENERAL**

CALLS CRITICS 'JERKS'

President Says Wood Was
'Only Person in America' Who
Obeyed 1986 Law

**CLINTON SUBMITS BALANCED
BUDGET, APOLOGIZES FOR
ONLY 'MODEST' TAX CUT**

NO SMOKE, MIRRORS

White-Supremacist Groups,
Mohair Industry Will
Bear Brunt of Cuts

Helms Suffers Stroke on Senate Floor

JANUARY

FEBRUARY

20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32

**CLINTON PICKS LINDA MARCIANO,
ANTI-PORNOGRAPHY ACTIVIST,
TO BE HIS ATTORNEY GENERAL**

'DEEPTHOAT' STAR

White House 'Unaware' of
Nominee's Pioneer Work
in Adult Films

**PRESIDENT ORDERS
ALL-GAY MILITARY
'SPARTAN FORCE'**

JOINT CHIEFS RESIGN

Clinton Admits Brief Affair With
Submariner in 1969 Influenced
'Deeply Personal' Decision

**DECLARING 'NEW MALAISE,' CLINTON CALLS
ON AMERICANS TO 'TAKE YOUR MEDICINE'**

AUDIENCE WEEPS

232-Minute Address Sets
Record, First Ever
With Intermission

**DOW DROPS 390 AS MARKET
REJECTS 'DOOMSDAY' BUDGET**

PRESIDENT CALLS
TRADERS 'CRAVEN
AND UNPATRIOTIC'

Canned Food Stocks Up





**Would-Be Terrorist Bombers
Thwarted by New FBI Chief**

**SERBIAN LEADER
IS CRUSHED BY
U.S. AID PACKAGE**

SILENT, FATAL SOYBEANS
Clinton Claims Killing of
Milosevic Was Accidental,
Not an Assassination

**OMB Revises Figures, Now Estimates
Budget Will Produce Surplus in 1995**

**RUSSIAN LEADER
YELTSIN DECLARES,
'I AM ALCOHOLIC'**

AGREES TO TAKE AA PLEDGE
Clinton Intervention Seen as
Bolstering Russian President's
Power Base, Self-Esteem

**LAST U.S. TROOPS
LEAVING SOMALIA
BY WEEK'S END**

NO MORE WARLORDS
Somalis Express Gratitude,
but Some Are Beginning to
Look Chubby, Sort Of

***This Old Vice Presidency:
Al Gore Rehabs the Office***

Leno Drops VP Jibes from Repertoire

MARCH

21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28
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DAY																																			

**CLINTON DECLARES
AMERICANS MUST
PAY FOR THEIR SINS**

THE SURTAXES OF SIN
New Levies Proposed on
Smoking, Drinking, Obesity
and Swearing

CHELSEA SKIPS SCHOOL

**Arrested Once More, Roger Clinton Hails
Chuck Berry as His 'Rock 'n' Role Model'**

**RUSSIAN LEADER
IS STOOD UP AT
CANADA SUMMIT**

CLINTON 'KIND OF FORGOT'
Yeltsin Is Left Stranded at
the Airport, Luggage
Destroyed by CIA

**SOCKS THE CAT
FOUND DEAD IN
WHITE HOUSE**

CHELSEA IS 'DEVASTATED'
President Orders Entire
White House Press Corps
Interrogated by FBI

**JOHNNETTA COLE
SAID TO BE NEXT
JUSTICE CHOICE**

'FOOLPROOF' NOMINATION
White House 'Unaware'
Left-Wing Activist Supported
Castro Dictatorship

**34 DEAD, THOUSANDS MORE
STUNG AS BEEKEEPERS
UNLEASH ANGRY SWARM**

HEAVENS ABUZZ
Bee Lobbyists Claim Loss
of Subsidies Makes Bees
Not Worth Keeping





Sassy Circulation Tops 2 Million
as Chelsea Explains It All, Okay?

SOCKS MAULS PHOTOGRAPHER

UNEMPLOYMENT DROPS
TO 3 PERCENT, LOWEST
SINCE COOLIDGE DAYS

STREETS SPOTLESS

Clinton Work Project
Primarily Responsible,
but Many Jobs Real

CLINTON RESIGNS TO ACCEPT TOP SONY POST;
42ND PRESIDENT STATES, 'MY JOB IS DONE'

HILLARY TO STAY

President Gore Vows to
Continue Legacy of
Clinton Months

ARABS, ISRAELIS AGREE ON NEW PALESTINE;
MIDEAST TO HOST JOINT OLYMPICS IN 2000

ARAFAT DEALT OUT

Clinton Diplomacy Combines
Economic Incentives
With Hugs

APRIL

29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29
69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100

WHITE HOUSE FLOATS
VIRGINIA KELLEY
AS JUSTICE CHOICE

MOTHER KNOWS BEST?

To Circumvent Nepotism Law,
Kelley to Be Paid by
Private Backers

ARAB-ISRAELI TALKS COLLAPSE AMID CHAOS;
WHITE HOUSE TAKES PHONES OFF HOOK

SCHEDULING SNAFU

Arabs, Israelis Come to
Table, but Camp David Is
'Closed for Private Party'

CLAIMING FAMILY AND HEALTH PROBLEMS,
CLINTON TO TAKE 12 WEEKS' UNPAID LEAVE

CHECKS INTO SPA

Temporary Confusion as
Hillary Declares, 'I'm
in Charge Now'

CLINTON DENIES
PUSHING MOTHER
FOR JUSTICE POST

'NOT IN A MILLION YEARS'

Using Salty Language, Kelley
Charges Son Leaked
Private Racing Forms

Clinton Balloons to 300 Lbs;
Doctors Cite Stress, Snacks

Chelsea Suspended Following Cafeteria Fight



89%

28%

APPROVAL RATING

WHY IS THIS MAN LYING?



NOT LYING, EXACTLY, MORE LIKE UPDATING TRUTHS TO ACCOMMODATE SHIFTING REALITIES

Presidents lie. If they didn't, they would, like Walter Mondale, be nonpresidents. Some presidents lie better than others, of course. Ronald Reagan was an outstanding liar, so smooth that many Americans prefer to believe he suffered from age-related dementia than that he actually knew what was going on and lied about it. George Bush, in contrast, seemed to shift from foot to foot and bite his lower lip like a little kid when he was lying, and even when he wasn't. ♦ It's a little too early to tell what kind of lying president Bill Clinton will turn out to be, but the following 100 examples, presented in no particular order, cover an impressively wide spectrum of lies, from white to bald-faced, from fib to bullshit to plain old-fashioned jiggery-pokery. And unlike, say, Nixon, Clinton occasionally even throws in the truth to keep you guessing. Only a year ago he told a reporter that he was planning "one of those great 100-day efforts" that would include doing "all the things that relate to making the American people more competitive, creating more producers than consumers of tax dollars." So true.

No. 1 "I want to have a team established that can hit the ground running." **2** "My first priority would be to pass a jobs program, to introduce it on the first day I was inaugurated." **3** "The critical issues that America is crying out for leadership on: jobs, incomes, the health-care crisis, the need to control the economy....I will deal with them from day one." **4** At the

MTV Inaugural Ball he said, "Hillary and I have to go to eleven balls tonight, but...Chelsea's going to stay." Chelsea left shortly thereafter. **5** In May 1992 he said he wouldn't support anything that "promoted the homosexual life-style." **6** January 29, 1993: "This compromise [on the question of gays in the military] is not everything I would have hoped for." In fact, the "compromise" was almost exactly the plan he

had discussed privately with gay groups back in November. **7** Asked about getting bogged down the first week of his presidency on gays in the military, he said, "I spent very little time on the issue myself." **8** Twenty-five words later he added, "I was frankly appalled that we spent so much time the first week talking about that instead of how to get the economy going again." **9** "Reagan voted for

Clinton," a top staff member told *TV Guide*. "I have it on the highest authority." **10** Asked about his "willingness" to normalize relations with Iraq, Clinton said, "Everybody who heard those conversations was astonished that such a conclusion could have been drawn.... Nobody asked me about normalization." He had been asked about both "normal relations" and "normalization." **11** "I don't like to use the word *sacrifice*"—May 1992. "It will not be easy. It will require sacrifice"—January 1993. **12** "I will offer middle-income tax cuts. The average working family's tax bill will go down about 10 percent"—November 1991. **13** "Middle-class taxpayers will have a choice between a children's tax credit or a significant reduction in their income tax rate"—*Putting People First*. **14** "I want to make it very clear that this middle-class tax cut, in my view, is central to any attempt we're going to make to have a short-term economic strategy"—January 1992. **15** "An America in which middle-class families' incomes—not their taxes—are going up"—July 1992. **16** "I'm not going to raise taxes on the middle class"—July 1992. **17** "But I can tell you this. I'm not gonna raise taxes on middle-class Americans to pay for the programs I've recommended"—October 1992. **18** Also in October, his energy coordinator ruled out an energy tax. **19** At the MTV Inaugural Ball: "Do my wife and daughter look great tonight or what?" **20** He vowed to "oppose racial quotas." **21** He promised "no token appointments." **22** He decried "bean-counters" even as transition employees were ethnically coding résumés for high-tech bean-counting. **23** Policy experts in Washington received calls from Clinton transition-staff members wondering if they knew of any Asian American women who might be interested in being in the Cabinet. **24** "[Bush] won't break the stranglehold special interests have on our elections and lobbyists have on our government. I will." **25** "In short,

Mr. [Ron] Brown has taken and will take all appropriate actions to avoid even the appearance of conflict of interest"—George Stephanopoulos. **26** Robert Rubin "is dealing very, very cautiously with his former clients"—Dee Dee Myers. **27** "I will not hide behind the walls of the White House"—September 1992. At press time, he had avoided a formal press conference longer than any other modern president. **28** "I invested in the future of our people and balanced the state budget with honesty and fairness and without gimmicks." **29** "Thank goodness the networks have a fact check so I don't have to just go blue in the face anymore. Mr. Bush said once again I was going to have a \$150 billion tax increase." He proposed a \$207 billion tax increase. **30** "...And we have \$140 billion of spending cuts." He proposed \$117 billion in spending cuts, maybe. **31** He counted a rise in taxes on Social Security as a spending cut. **32** Two days after presenting his plan, he said it was "basically 50-50, spending cuts and revenue increases, the first four years." **33** "We also provide over \$100-billion in tax relief, in terms of incentives for new plants, new small businesses, new technologies, new housing"—October 1992. His plan actually contains \$16 billion in tax relief. **34** "I call on Congress to enact an immediate jobs package of over \$30 billion"—February 1993. The plan contains \$15-billion in direct investment. **35** "An America in which the rich are not soaked..." On top of his "top" rate, people making more than \$250,000 also pay what he once called a "millionaire's surtax." **36** "For the wealthiest—those earning more than \$180,000 per year..."—February 1993. By \$180,000 per year, he meant couples with taxable combined incomes of \$140,000 per year and individuals with taxable incomes of \$115,000. **37** "I want to emphasize the facts about this plan—98.8 percent of America's families will have no increase in their income tax rates, only 1.2 percent at the top." **38**

He vowed to crack down on "those who see the tax code as a table game to be won," but his plan leaves the top capital-gains-tax rate at 28 percent, once again creating tax-shelter incentives. **39** "I'm going to tell you, in very plain language, what I plan to do as president." **40** "We don't need to tamper with Social Security.... We're not going to fool with Social Security"—September 1992. CLINTON CONSIDERS CURB ON SOCIAL SECURITY COST-OF-LIVING RAISES—*Washington Post*, January 29, 1993. **41** When Clinton's people said his program would add 500,000 jobs in 1993 and '94, they only counted jobs that might be created by his program and did not subtract jobs that might be lost from increased taxes. **42** "We don't believe this will cost jobs," Stephanopoulos explained. The previous October his boss had said, "You could raise taxes a lot and try to balance the budget. You just make the unemployment problem worse." **43** He says he wears a 45-Long, but he really wears a 46-Regular. **44** After pledging to cut the deficit in half within four years, he now says it's "impossible." **45** "I have to be honest with you: The debt is \$50-billion a year bigger than we were told it was before the election." He said the fact that the deficit was \$346 billion was an "unsettling revelation." But the previous July he had said, "The projected deficit...is up to \$400 billion." **46** The day he presented his economic plan, his people touted its \$493 billion in "deficit reduction" through 1997. The correct figure was \$325 billion. **47** His deficit projections do not include the cost of the savings-and-loan bailout, which could add \$25 billion in both fiscal 1993 and '94. **48** "America has always transcended the hopes and dreams of every other nation on Earth." **49** In July 1992, when a New York federal-appeals court found Bush's policy of returning Haitian ref-

ugees had violated the Refugee Act, Clinton called it "the correct decision." In March 1993 he went to court to argue that his policy of returning Haitian refugees did not violate the Refugee Act. **50** Asked what he'd eaten during a campaign stop at Wendy's, he said he'd ordered grilled chicken and a Diet Coke. He later confessed, "I also had a small cup of chili. I usually get a large." **51** "I'm trying, I'm really working at this"—on his diet. "Offered a choice of lamb, beef or chicken as an entrée, he took all three, plus fish chowder, broccoli, salad, bread and two scoops of apple soufflé"—*The New Republic*, March 15, 1993. **52** Throughout the campaign, he attacked Paul Tsongas's proposals for an energy tax, a cut in entitlements and a middle-class tax increase. **53** "I want people like some of you in this audience to be part of a Clinton administration, not because or in spite of your sexual orientation, but because America needs you"—May 1992. "According to administration sources, the White House satisfied itself that [Janet] Reno was not gay before going ahead with the nomination"—Nina Totenberg, March 1993. **54** Asked what role Hillary played in his selection of Reno, he said, "None." **55** "Our plan seeks to attack tax subsidies that actually reward companies more for shutting their operations down here and moving them overseas." The plan actually rewards companies that do research and development here for their plants overseas. **56** "Large, highly profitable companies will have to pay a greater portion of their net earnings in taxes." Larger-depreciation write-offs mean many companies will have lower—and sometimes nonexistent—net earnings to tax. **57** "We need not just a new generation of leadership but a new gender of leadership." After appointing Dee Dee Myers as the first female press secretary,

100 DAYS
OF CLINTON

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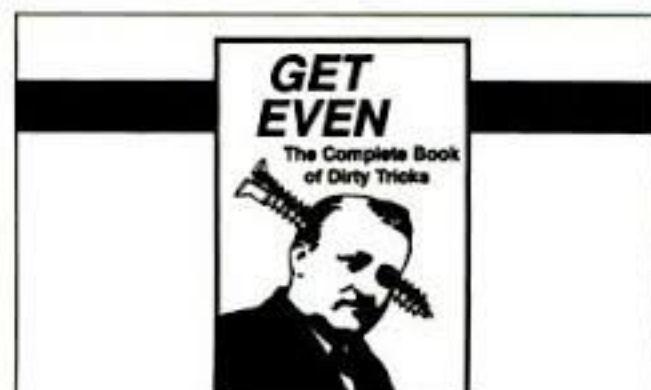
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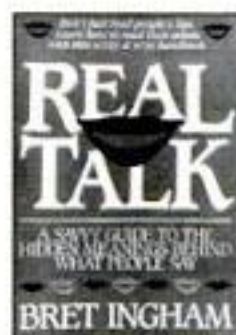
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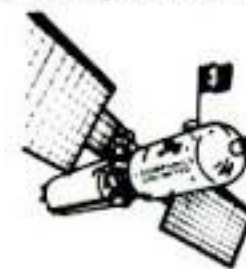


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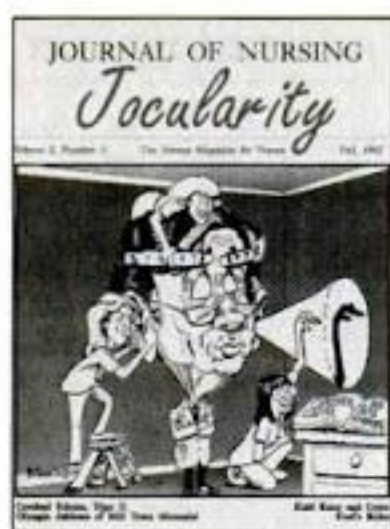
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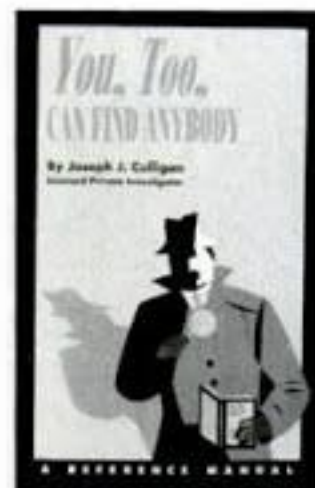
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5 Official Non-Inhaling Pipe	\$8.00	23 Loompanics Unlimited Book Catalog	\$5.00
6 Get Even	\$23.95	24 Journal of Nursing Jocularity—sample copy	\$4.00
7 Paladin Press Catalog	\$2.00	25 Journal of Nursing Jocularity—subscription	\$12.00
8 bOING bOING—sample copy	\$3.95	26 Nose—sample copy	\$4.00
9 bOING bOING—subscription	\$14.00	27 Nose—subscription	\$15.00
10 Yellow Silk—sample copy	\$7.50	28 Xandria Catalog	\$4.00
11 Yellow Silk—subscription	\$30.00	29 Asia Blue Catalog	\$3.00
12 Slick Times—subscription	\$17.00	30 Japanese Erotica	\$19.95
13 Monk—sample copy	\$2.95	31 European Amateur Sampler (Egyptian or Indian)	\$25.00
14 Monk—subscription	\$10.00	32 You, Too, Can Find Anybody	\$23.95
15 Libido—sample copy	\$7.00		
16 Libido—subscription	\$26.00		
17 Real Talk	\$6.95		
18 Future Sex—sample copy	\$6.00		

he took away most of her responsibilities and her office and gave them to a man. **58** "I cut the federal bureaucracy by 100,000 positions." Many of the "positions" he cut had no one working in them. **59** "The time has come to show the American people...that we can not only start things, but we can actually stop things." **60** "We are slashing subsidies." In the first year of his plan, farm subsidies will nearly double. **61** After saying wool and mohair subsidies were World War I anachronisms, he cut the program by 6 percent. **62** "I have already heard some people on the other side of the aisle say, 'He should have cut more.' I say, 'Show me where, and be specific—not hot air. Show me where.'" On March 10 the House Budget Committee's Republican members presented an 80-page program that would cut the deficit by \$429 billion over five years without raising taxes. They were matter-of-factly voted down. **63** Presented with a two-foot pen symbolizing the presidential line-item veto, he told Republican senators, "I surely look forward to the opportunity of using this." **64** "I cut the White House staff by 25 percent." He achieved this by defining *staff* to exclude hundreds of military communications personnel at the White House, as well as the Trade Representative's Office and the Office of Management and Budget. **65** He went to court in March and argued that his wife was "the functional equivalent of a federal employee." Three days earlier, Hillary had told reporters questioning her quasi-federal-employee position, "I kind of view myself in some ways as a citizen representative." **66** "Every day I still get up and I feel a lot of gratitude just for having the chance to serve." **67** He promised, "The old adage 'Mi casa, su casa' will be true when my house is the White House," then banned smoking. **68** About his plan to close many military bases throughout the country, he said, "This isn't downsizing

for its own sake. This is right-sizing for security's sake." **69** On why he visited the aircraft carrier *Theodore Roosevelt* the day he unveiled his military-base-closings plan: "I need to be here because I'm commander in chief." **70** "I never broke the laws of my country." **71** "If I become president, I will have a Cabinet that looks like America"—July 1992. Thirteen of his Cabinet's 18 members are lawyers, and more than three quarters are millionaires. **72** "I want to appoint one person, one man or woman, to oversee and coordinate all federal efforts [related to AIDS]." At press time, he had not gotten around to it. **73** "I don't...believe they had a discussion about it, no"—Stephanopoulos, on Zoë Baird's illegal nanny. "It was fully disclosed. He considered it and did not think it was a problem"—Myers, a week later. **74** Asked whether Clinton was preparing to withdraw Baird's nomination on January 21, Stephanopoulos replied, "Not at this point....Right now, Zoë Baird is his nominee." About 13 hours later, Baird

laws, she had to meet "a special standard." **78** "It was never the administration's position that that was an issue, and it's unfortunate that that ever was out there"—Myers, asked if the information that Wood had begun training to be a Playboy bunny was leaked by someone inside the administration. **79** The White House also leaked inaccurate stories suggesting that Wood's husband, Michael Kramer, had lobbied for Wood under the pretext of interviewing Clinton for *Time*. **80** Asked about his new personal no-junk-food policy, he clarified, "I don't necessarily consider McDonald's junk food." **81** After work on a \$30,000 track behind the White House was temporarily halted, the White House said it was waiting until enough money could be raised to pay for it. Joe diGeronimo, president of the Massachusetts company building the track, said they stopped working because "it was cold." **82** After urging Bush to get involved in Bosnia throughout the campaign, Clinton announced in

Baby." **85** He said through a spokesman, "The schools in the District of Columbia and across the country are good schools." **86** "He doesn't dye his hair," according to a spokeswoman. **87** Asked why Hillary Clinton would get a West Wing office, a spokeswoman said, "Because the president wanted her to be there." **88** "Mrs. Clinton was Hillary Rodham Clinton all through the campaign and the transition"—Hillary Rodham Clinton's press secretary. **89** In January he said, "I'll miss going down to the Y in the morning, my blue-collar gym, where there's nobody in bright Spandex outfits." **90** He said, "It is time for us to realize that there is not a government program for every problem." **91** "I'm working on funding it just as close to what I recommended during the campaign, about putting people as first as possible"—on his national-service program, February

fundamental abiding interest of the American people." And except the Supercollider and several other projects in Lloyd Bentsen's home state. **94** Responding to reports that Clinton is a "closet cigar smoker," an aide insisted, "He's not a cigar smoker. He chews on them." **95** "[Bush] won't take on the big insurance companies....I will." Managed competition, his preferred health-reform plan, helps big insurance companies. **96** He criticized Bush and Reagan for appointing political cronies as ambassadors but then appointed Jean Kennedy Smith as ambassador to Ireland. At press time, Democratic doyenne Pamela Harriman was his likely choice for ambassador to France, and Swanee Hunt, daughter of H. L. Hunt and the Democratic Party's second-largest contributor, was reported to be the front-runner for ambassador to Italy. **97** Asked last June whom he would put on the Supreme Court, he said, "I think Governor [Mario] Cuomo would make a good Supreme Court justice." **98** "If we do right by this country, I don't care who gets the credit for it." **99** "If Thomas Jefferson were alive today, I would appoint him secretary of State. And then I would suggest to Senator Gore that the two of us resign so he could become president." **100** "I want one of those great 100 days in which Congress would adopt my health-care and education policies, my energy and economic initiatives, and where the private sector would become engaged in a whole new partnership to make this country great again." 

№75 "I DECIDED TO RUN FOR PRESIDENT IN 1991 BECAUSE...I WAS AFRAID THAT THE AMERICAN DREAM WAS IN DANGER."

withdrew. **76** "It's not our policy to leak stories about potential nominees"—Stephanopoulos, denying that the White House had told reporters that Kimba Wood would be the next attorney general nominee. **77** At different times, the White House explained that Wood was rejected because talk shows wouldn't differentiate between Wood and Zoë Baird, because she was "not forthcoming" and, finally, because despite having obeyed all applicable

February, "I do not believe that the military of the United States should get involved unilaterally there now." **83** "It would be a great mistake to read this...as some initial foray toward a wider military role"—on the Bosnia food drop, early March. **84** Calling to thank *En Vogue* for agreeing to sing backup for his brother, Roger, he told the group he would come by the party and accompany Roger on the sax when they sang "Rock Me,

1993. **92** "Our national-service plan will throw open the doors of college opportunity to the daughters and sons of the middle class," he said, while proposing a program that would create 20,000 jobs in its first year, 100,000 after three years. When the full details of the program were unveiled a week later, it turned out that a summer pilot project is open to only 1,000 to 2,000 students. **93** "We're going to have no sacred cows except the

100 DAYS OF CLINTON

SPY UPDATED-TRUTHS
TEAM: Laura Belgray, Larry Doyle, Stephen Moore, Daniel Radosh, Debby Rovine and Louis Theroux



IN JULY 1989 A BUS CARRYING 20 American students was traveling on a deserted road through the woods near Williamsburg, Virginia. Suddenly four men holding Heckler and Koch MP 5 machine pistols and wearing black clothes and ski masks ran onto the road, forcing the bus to stop. The men boarded the bus through the front and rear doors. They screamed for the students to drop their heads onto their laps. Then, as quickly as they had appeared, the men grabbed a female student, dragged her into a waiting car and sped away.

Given that a friend of theirs would soon be enduring unimaginable tortures and deprivations, the reaction of the other students was not quite as sympathetic as you would expect. They laughed. To be fair, though, the incident had not been unanticipated. The deserted road was

situated deep in the heart of one of America's most secret military bases, and the students were all participants in the Central Intelligence Agency's Career Trainee Summer Internship Program—or spy camp, as it is known. On this particular afternoon, the students were returning from a visit to a museum and had noticed that nothing had been scheduled for the rest of the day. A bit of hijacking, they figured, would be as likely a way to spend the time as any.

It is an indication of the usefulness and seriousness of this extremely expensive program that the future 007s took the terror drill as a joke. That's how they took many things at Camp CIA, even though their activities—learning to use pen bombs, chatting up foreign diplomats,

planning World War III—seemed a little more serious than making lanyards and identifying arrowheads. But when the program was started, in the mid-1980s, finding people who wanted to become CIA case officers was a difficult task. The job pays poorly, commands little respect and is, in truth, often extremely dull. So as a marketing ploy, spy camp seemed promising, for it would offer college kids the kind of fun that only a huge international-intelligence-gathering organization possibly could—learning to use pen bombs, chatting up foreign diplomats, planning World War

III. As one participant put it, "We did some *real cool stuff*." Yes, this is the sort of person, expected to help forestall Armageddon, whom the CIA has attracted with spy camp.

IN SOME RESPECTS the CIA trainee program is similar to the ROTC. Students are paid a government salary

of \$250 a week for the nine weeks they participate, plus room, board and transportation. At the end of the summer, those deemed suitable spy material are offered full tuition for their final year of college. In return, they pledge a minimum of 18 months' service to the agency as a case officer. One small difference between the ROTC and the CIA's program is that participants in spy camp are forbidden ever to speak about their experiences. Some of the ex-campers we contacted were terrified by this stricture and denied that they even knew of the program; others, blithely unconcerned about whether they would become targets of a "wet job," were happy to talk if we preserved their anonymity.

The camp application process lasts several

camp CIA

**MEATBALLS MEETS GOLDFINGER! THE FIRST-
EVER ACCOUNT OF AMERICA'S SUPER-SECRET
SUMMER CAMP FOR SPOOKS. BY ADAM J. FREED**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL CORIO

months. In the fall of a candidate's junior year, he or she is tested at the CIA office in the nearest city. One test is timed and a lot like the SAT. A second, called the PAT-B (for Professional Applicant Test Battery), is a more curious affair. Students are asked questions along the lines of "Would you rather be an airline pilot or a stewardess?" The psychologically sound are then flown to Washington for a weekend of interviews and interrogations at an unmarked agency building. There are two or three interviews with full-time case officers, then there is the polygraph.

The endless lie-detector test is administered in a small, white, win-

profile of an acceptable candidate is very specific. In fact, more than 50 percent of the applicants who are interviewed in Washington are rejected on the basis of the polygraph alone. As one camper told us, "They want people with high moral standards, with clean records, who never used drugs and are solid American citizens, and it's hard to find those types of people in college."

Just as in the movies, a man with glasses hunches over the needle of the polygraph for the duration of the session. Any time he gets a suspect reading, the screeners leave the room and return with a new battery of related questions, which they ask a hundred different ways until they either get a satisfying result or fail the applicant.

"They thought I was a homosexual," says one applicant, "which I wasn't and *am not*. My examiner came back and said, 'I'm sorry. You're telling a lie.' And I said, 'Oh, is that what you think?,' and she said, 'I don't think it. I *know* it.'" Another applicant failed because "they thought I was selling out the United States. They said they got a reading on a question about that." Oh, and one other thing: "They also got a reading when they asked about bestiality. They thought I was fucking my dog."

The 20 men and women who convince the agency that they are neither caninophiles nor agents of a foreign prince tend to look like members of the

Mormon Student Committee to Reelect Dan Quayle. "We were no rainbow coalition," says a program participant we'll call Mark Jones, who says there were only two members of minority groups among his fellow campers. "The big division in the group was between the avid churchgoers and the casual ones."

Spy camp for Jack and Mark began at a Xerox training center in Leesburg, Virginia, the summer after their junior years. The cool spy stuff began right away. Participants had been told nothing about the program beforehand except that it lasted nine weeks, that they should arrive in Leesburg on a certain

day and that if anyone asked, they should say they were with the Department of Defense. A cover! As Mark entered the training-center building, he had no idea how to find his group. He approached the reception desk, but before he could reach it, a man stepped up to him and whispered, "Mark Jones? Department of Defense?"

"Yes."

"Mark, here is your room key," the man said, and he slipped away.

Lectures began the next morning in a conference room, but before the first class could get under way, the campers experienced another spymasterish frisson as an agency debugger secured the room. The bug man aimed antennae at the walls and ceiling for a full half hour, until he was satisfied the room was listening-device-free. During the day the campers were isolated in class, where they learned everything basic to the CIA: its structure, its operations (covert and other) and its history. The lectures were pretty boring, so the speakers dropped tidbits of secret information to keep the campers' interest. For example, an agency representative lecturing on technical

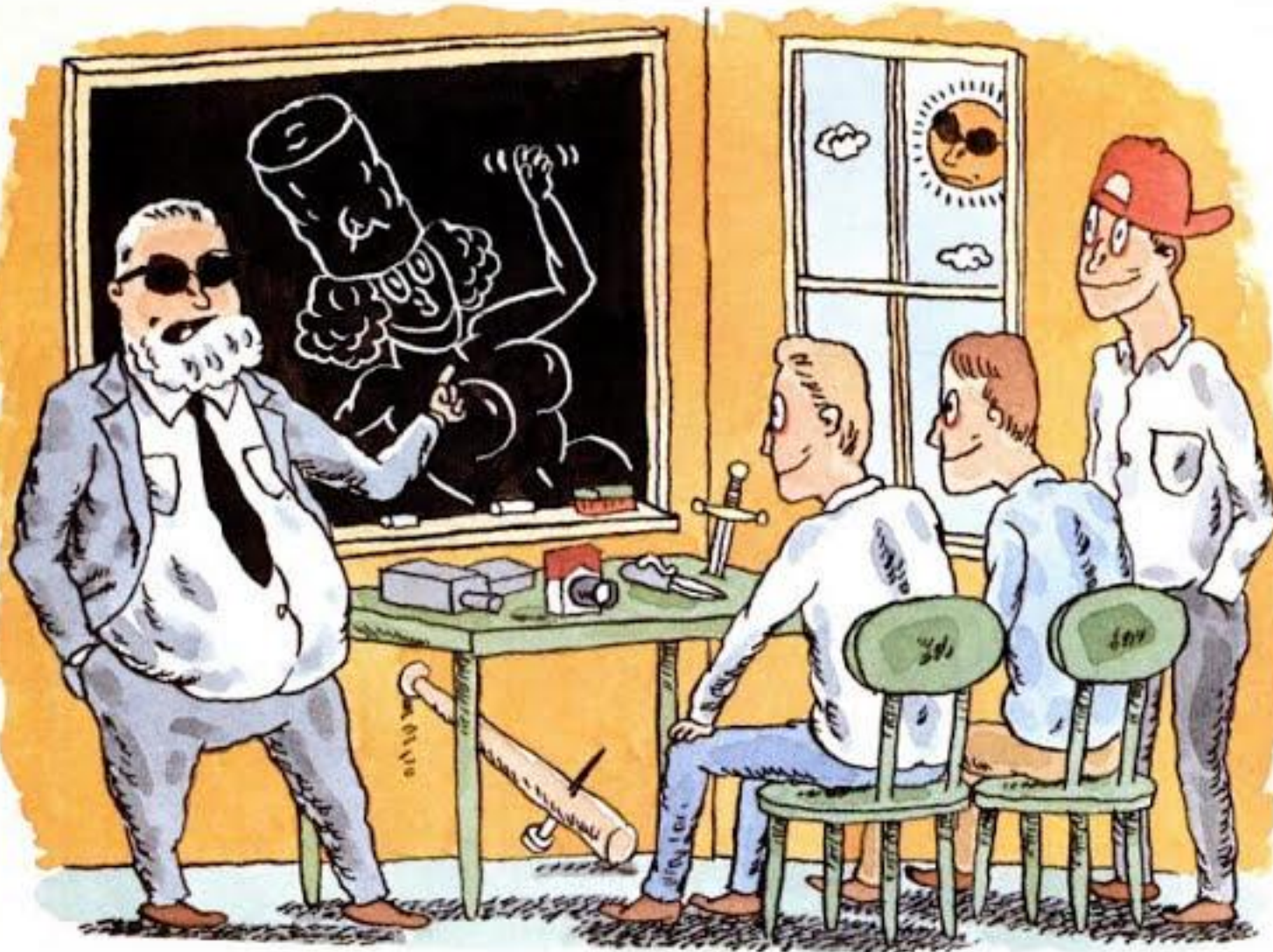
ACTIVITIES!



COUNTERTERRORISM

dowless room. The applicant is told to keep his eyes fixed on the wall in front of him. He is told not to move and not to speak unless spoken to. "It wasn't a test," says a camper we'll call Jack Smith. "I was in there for four hours—it was an interrogation." The examiners begin with questions about sexual orientation, drug use and criminal activity and work their way up to bestiality and treason. They still ask, "Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party?" An agency spokeswoman says there are no "automatic disqualifiers," but the

ENRICHMENT!



KGB TACTICS

programs told the campers how fast the old SR-71 spy plane really did fly (Mach 3.8). In another session, a technician turned his lecture into a show-and-tell of his favorite gadgets: pen bombs and cigarette-box cameras.

Following CIA protocol, the group's chaperones wouldn't reveal their real names, so the campers called them Bob 1 and Bob 2. Bob 1 was still active in the agency and was an administrative type, dull, straight—a typical polyester-wearing spy-bureaucrat. In contrast, Bob 2, a retired case officer, was more rumpled and casual. Overweight, bearded and twinkly-eyed, he liked to hold forth every evening at the Xerox-center bar, telling war stories.

"In Russia," Bob 2 began one such tale, "they use sex as a weapon." Or at least they used to—he was talking about Moscow in the late 1970s. He recalled the occasion when the wife of a fellow CIA officer was leaving the country and abandoning her husband. Observed in secret by the KGB, the two argued, then the wife disappeared into a waiting taxi and the agent was left despondent and alone. A few moments later he heard a knock on his apartment door. When he looked through the peephole, he saw a svelte blond Natasha in Western makeup, a fur hat tipped to one side. Bob 2 imitated her heavily Russian-accented English as he repeated her come-on: "I heard that you might be feeling a little lonely. Would you like to talk about it?"

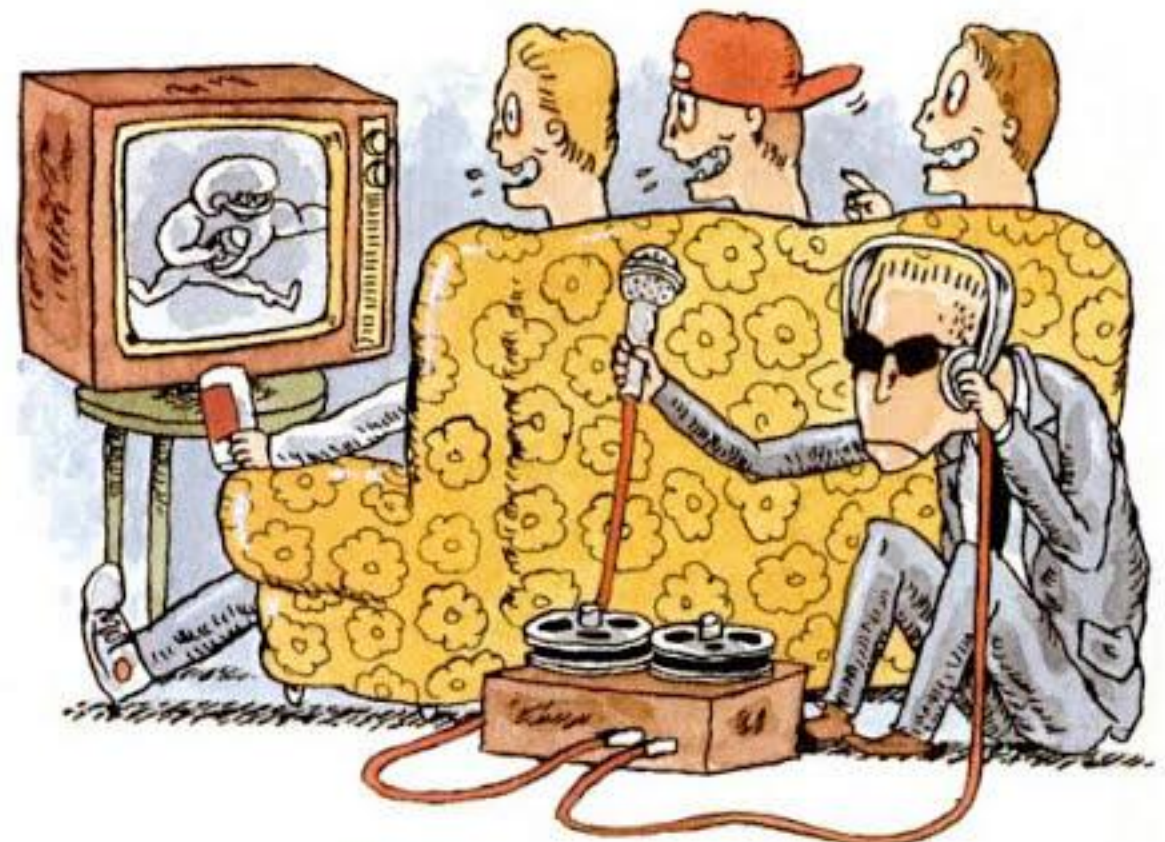
It wasn't until later in the program that the campers understood the real reason Bob 2 took the time to hang around telling them stories: He was screening them for social poise, watching how they held their alcohol and so on. Socializing as a case officer is an integral part of the job, since they don't do the actual spying but, rather, recruit foreign nationals to do it for them. The case officer's job is to facilitate—to bribe and act as a liaison. So during each phase of the camp, the agency sent in case officers who, like Bob 2, invited the campers out for dinner or drinks and regaled them with their adventures, all the while watching carefully for signs of either incipient loose-lippedness or cunning charm.

Indeed, all the idle chitchat the campers engaged

in with agency employees and even between themselves was closely observed. As a result, most of this talk was about reasonably safe subjects like sports. Politics didn't come up; even after spending nine weeks together, no one we asked could recall much about the other campers' political convictions. Campers strictly avoided personal subjects too, and ex-camper Mark suggests this was in keeping with the first phase of a life led in secret. Evidently the most revealing information the campers believed they could disclose without becoming compromised was that they were fans of the Miami Heat.

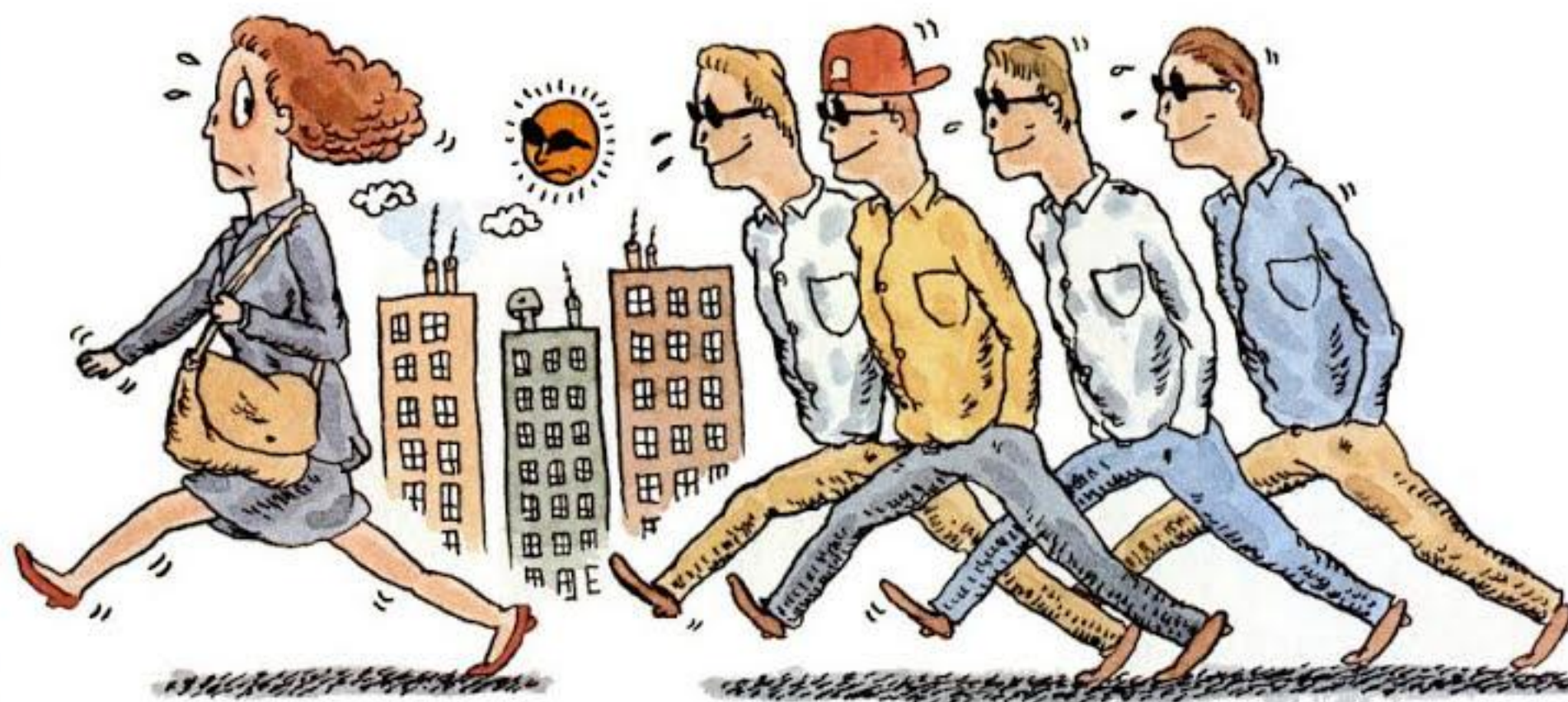
AFTER TWO WEEKS OF LECTURES AND then a week of writing briefs and decoding documents, campers began to get out a little. Now ensconced in a Holiday Inn in Arlington, they set out in a bus one afternoon to sightsee Washington, just like any other tourists. Taking the microphone up at the front of the bus, a proctor pointed out various buildings, saying, for example, "The third building there is actually CIA." As the bus wound through the streets of Washington, the proctor continued, identifying a "Department of Defense" building here or an unmarked facility there as belonging to the CIA. Unfortunately, no postcards with which to remember this trip were available.

FUN!



SURVEILLANCE

SPORTS!



PURSUIT

During this same week the campers learned a new game: trailing the enemy. Divided into "rabbit" and "hunter" groups, they had strict instructions to follow only one another. But it didn't take long before they recognized one another's clothes reflected in glass doors and windows and the pursuit became futile. "It was getting kind of dull," says Jack, who led a hunter group. So to liven it up, he decided to search out people who didn't even know that they were carrying crucial microfilm. As he shuffled behind his assigned rabbit, Jack saw a well-dressed woman in a business suit emerge from a nearby building. She walked briskly up the block ahead of him. Without hesitating, Jack abandoned the rabbit and pointed out the woman to his team, and they set off after her.

The youths followed the techniques they had just learned, trading off the lead at every corner, for example. They were not the professionals they would have wished, though, and the woman seemed to notice them. She began to look back worriedly over her shoulder, and after five or six blocks she was striding like a racehorse. Catching the eye of one of her pursuers, she shook her head nervously back and forth, then darted down into a nearby Metro station. As soon as she was gone, the campers broke out in

laughter. Jack, a southerner with a military background, still laughs about the chase today. "It was really cool," he says. "I think we really scared her. It was pretty neat." Neat? Neat? Must we point out to Jack that *he lost her*? Actually, Jack was full of enterprise. At CIA headquarters in Langley, where campers arrived in about the fourth week of the program, he could be found in a strategic-planning room perched over a four-by-four-foot map of Turkey, even though his real job that day was doing paperwork down the hall. He sipped a Coke and listened as three middle-aged men argued over likely Russian advances through the Caucasus. Would they enter through Armenia in the east? Down the Black Sea to the Bosphorus? Both at the same time? At some point, Jack had to leave this excitement to return to processing a request to administer a polygraph to an American abroad. A woman had been recruited by an agency field office and had to be cleared by the lie detector before she could be "activated." By the time the request was complete, it would have been signed by 15 officials—all the way up to the deputy director of the Directorate of Operations.

Poor gung ho Jack. When he first arrived at Langley, he felt as if he were tapping into the nerve center of world intelligence, especially when he and the other campers were secretly shown highly sensitive documents. "The whole thing was perfectly designed," Jack says, "to make you think, *Wow! Like, I'm really in the loop.*"

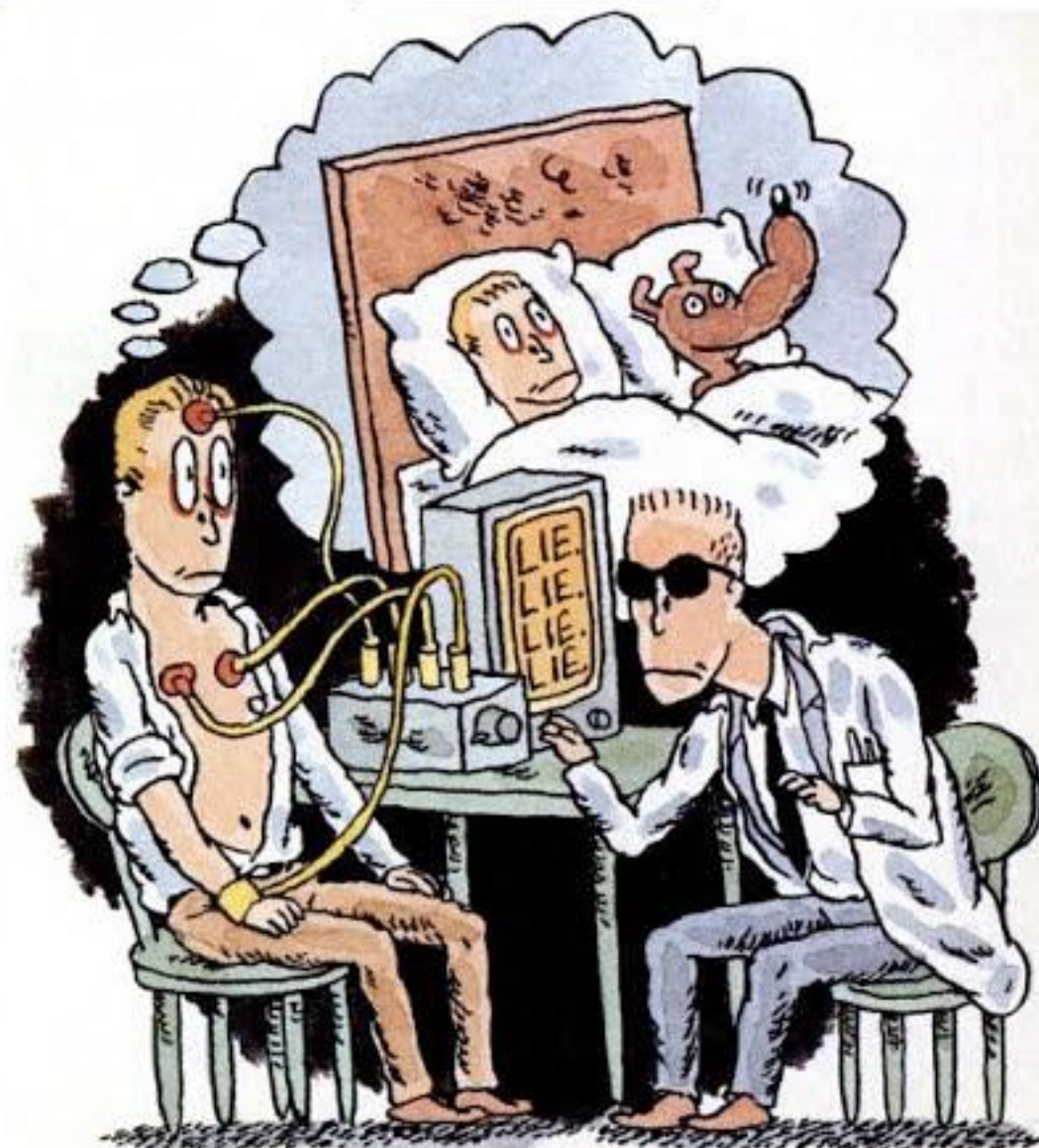
But two days after being shown a classified communiqué from a foreign head of state, Jack read its contents almost verbatim in the newspaper. "You realize," he says now, "that most of what goes on at CIA headquarters is no different than at any other government agency." Employees arrived at 9:00 and left at 5:00. Paperwork was checked and double-checked, protocol religiously observed.

The program's di-

laughter. Jack, a southerner with a military background, still laughs about the chase today. "It was really cool," he says. "I think we really scared her. It was pretty neat." Neat? Neat? Must we point out to Jack that *he lost her*?

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CRAFTS!



INTERROGATION

rectors must have realized that at this point they could be losing their audience, so they made sure the sexiest memories of spy camp were freshest in the participants' minds as they returned to college. To this end, the CIA flew all 20 campers in a private jet to "the farm," a secluded base in southern Virginia. Every two-bit conspiracy theorist has heard of the farm. Officially known as Camp Peary and operated by the Department of Defense, it is one of the most famous paramilitary-training centers in America. And remember, it is run by the Department of Defense and has *nothing whatsoever to do with the CIA*.

At the farm the campers could revel in the blackened-face, plastic-explosive, silent-killer side of the business. "We got up in the morning and had to do calisthenics with this *Marine* who was, like, insane," Jack recalls. "We did jogging and stuff, and we did some *real cool stuff*, like we got to shoot guns and stuff. They blew stuff up for us and shot machine guns." The blowing-up-stuff part didn't always go according to plan. During one munitions demonstration, the instructor attempted to teach the campers about an explosive known as C-4. He detonated some C-4 in a van, and the van blew up impressively. But then, engulfed in flames, it rolled down a hill toward some woods, stopping one roll short of setting the entire area on fire. Another misadventure occurred when Mark and his friends engaged in some unlikely counterespionage high jinks—they broke into the camp's bar one night. "Robbing the CIA has to be the dumbest thing you could ever do," he says now.

Overall, though, this phase of the program provided valuable training. The campers practiced "dead drops" of information using hollowed-out fake rocks and tree trunks. In one class there were 9mm Brownings on every desk, which the campers loaded, unloaded and cleaned before taking them out to the range to shoot. Campers learned techniques for following cars. They learned how to do a reverse 180 in an old Oldsmobile, flooring it in reverse, spinning it and then, without stopping, throwing it back into drive. They learned how to recruit agents in the field, how to trade information, how to bribe. They learned to laugh when one of their number was kidnapped by patently unthreatening, make-believe terrorists.

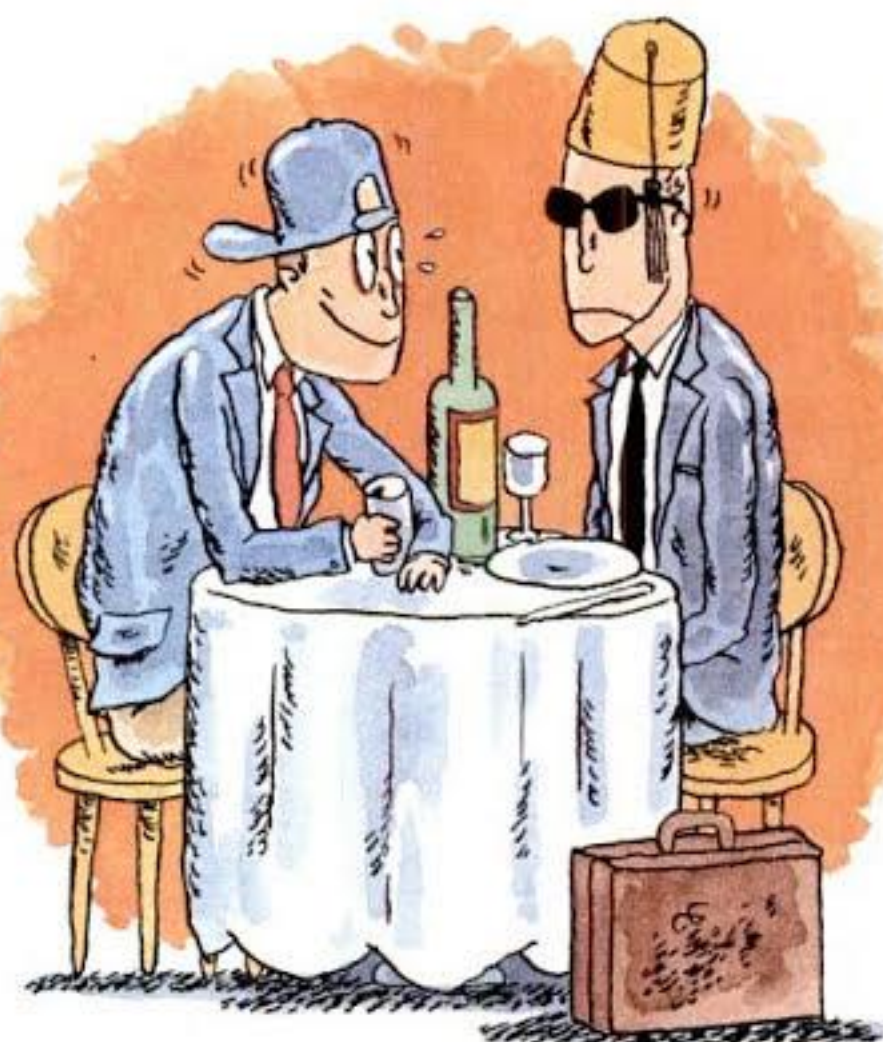
THE CAMPER SITTING ACROSS FROM JACK AT THE DIPLOMATIC reception that ended the trainee program had had bad luck. His dinner companion for the evening was the ambassador from Zimbabwe, and this person treated him with suspicion, preferring to pay more attention to his prime rib than to his neighbor. The ambassador responded to even the most innocuous overture with, "What do you want with me?" or "Why are you so curious about my job and my country?"

Of course, the Zimbabwean ambassador was not really the Zimbabwean ambassador, but a CIA case officer playing a part. The officers' club at Camp Peary was filled that evening with pseudochargés and mock ministers, each of whom was intended to try a specific camper's politesse in a formal setting that teemed with experienced intriguers. The scene even included a fake TV-news crew with an anchorwoman, who eerily called herself Jessica Savitch, interviewing guests. Jack was lucky, though—his assignment was the Irish general consul, and since Ireland is friendly to the United States, the consul, in the interest of realism, had no choice but to be easygoing. While Jack's co-camper struggled, Jack and the

Irishman talked about Dublin fogs and whiskey. Unfortunately for the hapless Mark, who had drawn the Hungarian military attaché, the dinner was a buffet, and so Mark spent the evening unsuccessfully pursuing his target around the room.

How important was the dinner? Well, their performances at it may or may not have been the deciding factor as to whether Jack Smith and Mark Jones were offered jobs with the agency—actually, Mark believes that his enthusiastic drink-

ADVENTURE!



EMBASSY DINING

ing just might have been held against him—but Jack received an offer and Mark did not. The lesson is, if you go to spy camp, make sure your dinner partner is the cultural attaché from Canada.

THE CIA WON'T TELL US EXACTLY how much it spent on spy camp. "It was costly," is all a spokesman will say. "Very costly." The agency now faces a tightened budget, and has decided the trainee program was not worth the expense. Spy camp has been abandoned, we are told. For a while, at least, Fidel Castro is safe from assassination by macramé. ☞

THE GHASTLY INSIDE STORY OF HOW THE RIGHT-TO-LIFE
MOVEMENT STOCKPILES AND USES ABORTED FETUSES

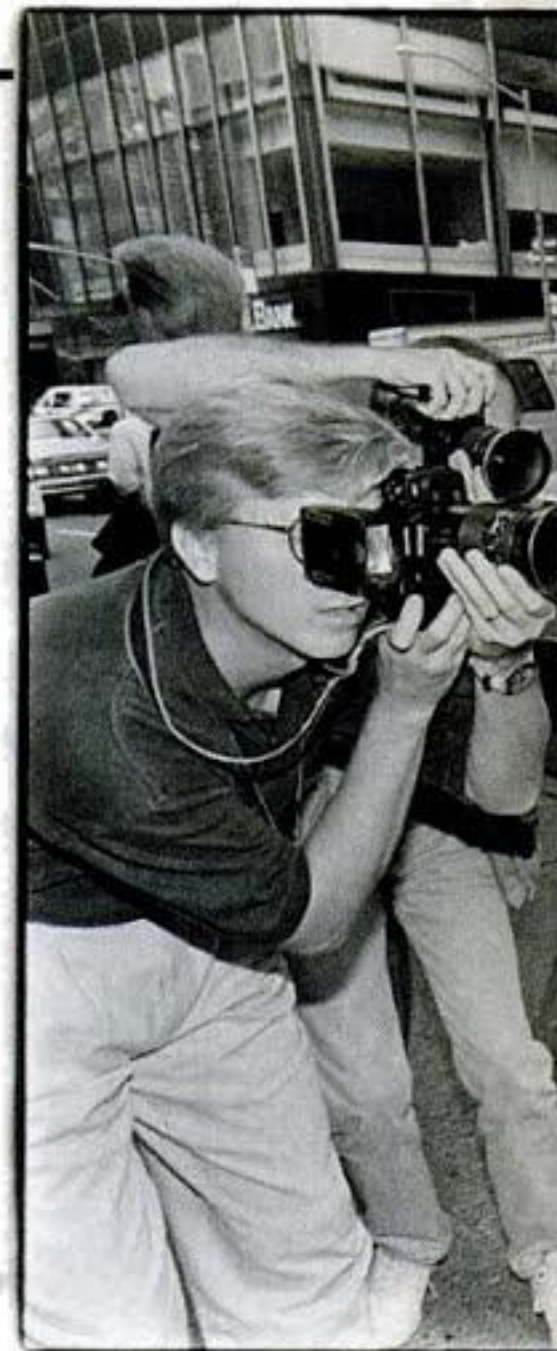
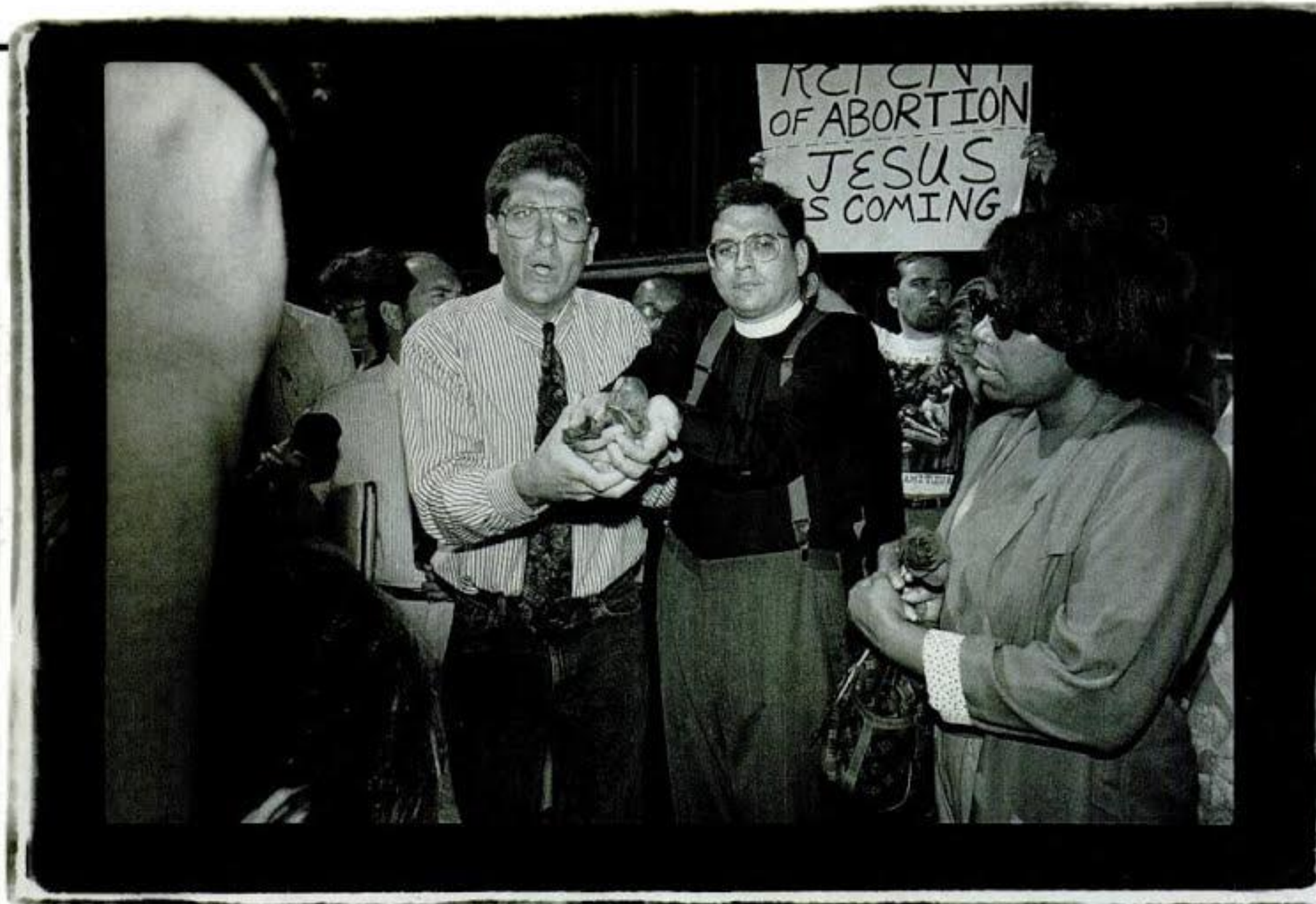
BY CAROL VINZANT

Fetus Frenzy

Toss 'em!
Swap 'em!
Collect 'em all!

At the Republican convention in Houston last August, Harley David Belew—the guy who'd made headlines during the Democratic convention in New York the month before by presenting Bill Clinton with a fetus—was told the following story by a woman from Los Angeles. {PHOTOGRAPH BY MATT MAHURIN}





She said it was right after the nomination, when Clinton was campaigning in California. Inspired, she said, by Belew's success in New York, she resolved to give another fetus to the candidate. At a campaign rally in Ontario, the woman and her boyfriend waited in a throng. She was hoping Clinton would work the crowd and that she would be able to spring her fetus, which she had in a sealed plastic bag, upon him. Sure enough, Clinton waded in among his fans. He came closer and closer, until—

"Suddenly," Belew said, "the circle closed up and he was swept away. She had been waiting for just the right moment, and here he was leaving. The right moment was gone." Still, she told Belew, she didn't give up.

"You didn't throw it?" Belew said to her.

Scheidler decided to fetus in his children

"I threw it," she said.

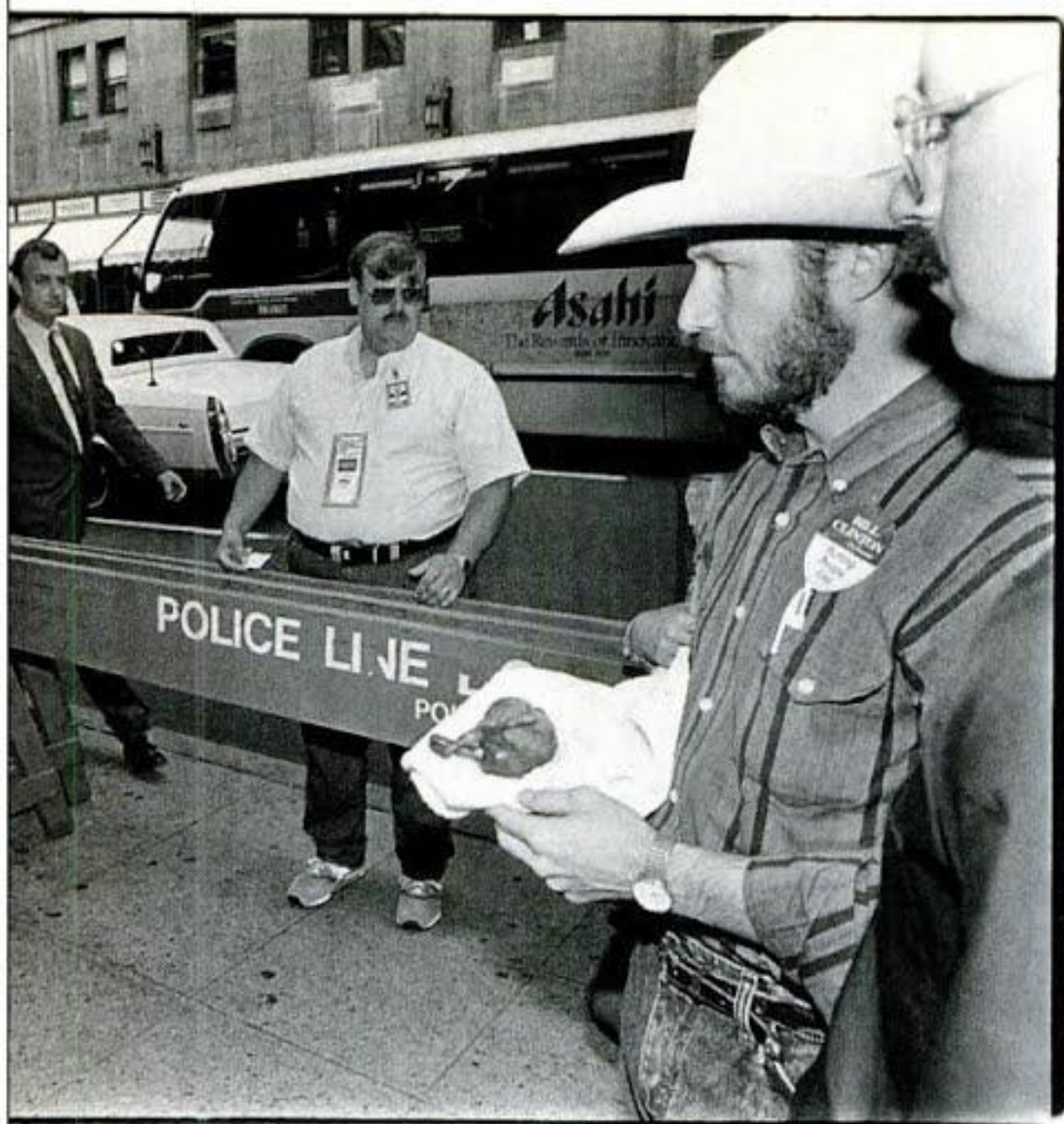
Not accurately, and not to any effect. No one noticed, and after Clinton left and the crowd thinned, she found the fetus next to a garbage can under a tree.

ALTHOUGH CLINTON'S ENCOUNTER WITH BELEW WAS THE most publicized example of this gambit, flashing or displaying or shoving a fetus into a well-known pro-choicer's hands has for a few years been one of the more reliable publicity-generating tactics of the right-to-life movement. Reasoning that physical revulsion could be instantly translated into moral revulsion, anti-abortion-

ists have carried fetuses in miniature caskets cross-country, exhibited them in churches, paraded them around in Wichita and Buffalo and thrust them at prochoice candidates and officials. And now, with the right-to-life movement in its politically weakest position in years, the prospect of organizers resorting more frequently to fetus-flashing to energize followers seems entirely likely (assuming the murdering-doctors approach doesn't catch on). "Showing a dead fetus is not gory," says the Reverend Keith Tucci, the new leader of Operation Rescue, the best-known militant right-to-life organization. "Making dead fetuses is gory." Perhaps, but the obsessive handling of dead fetuses by anti-abortionists, as the secret recent history of this tactic certainly shows, is bizarre and fetishistic.

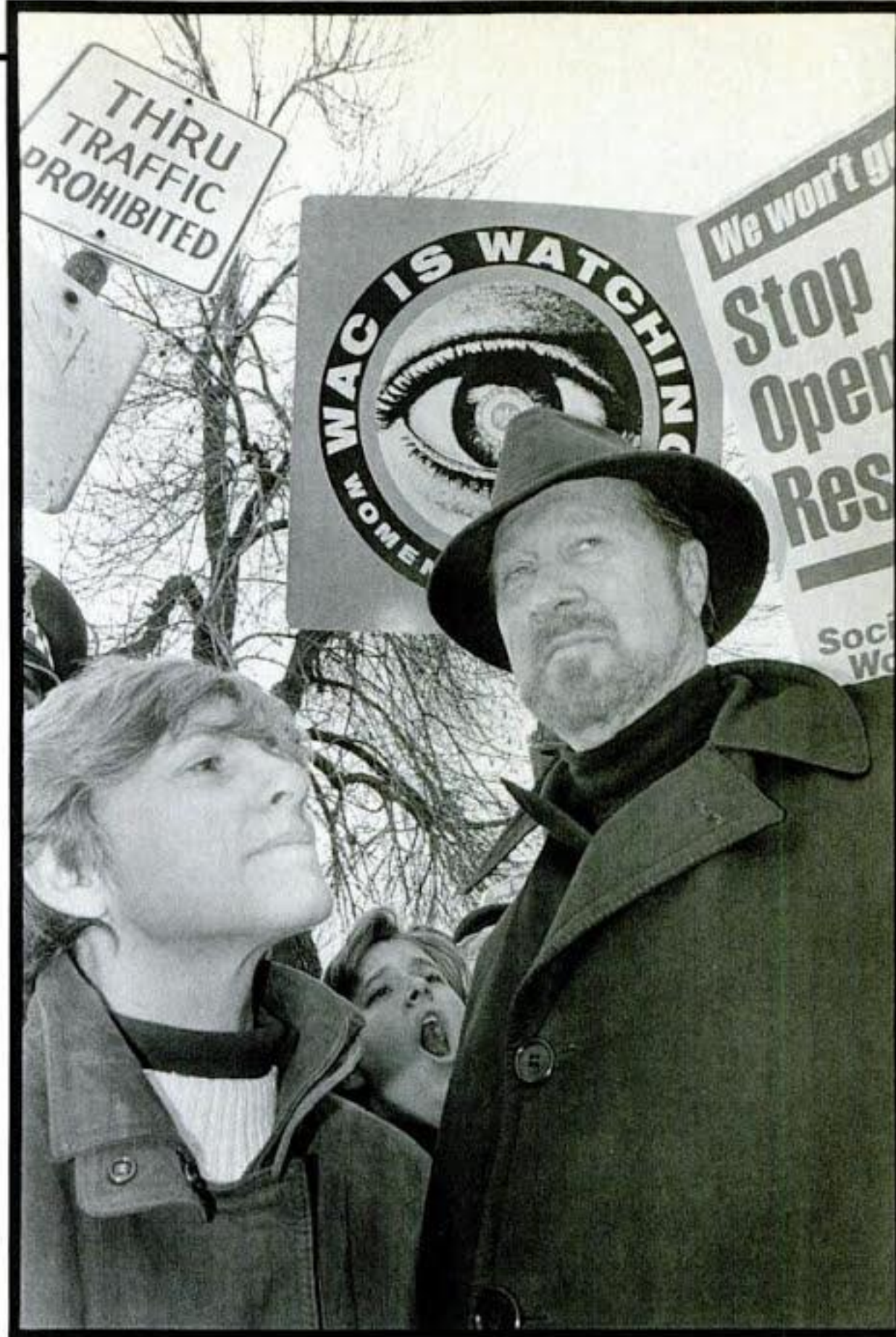
CONRAD STANLEY WOJNAR IS THE EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR of Des Plaines Pro-Life, an Illinois anti-abortion group headquartered in a working-class suburb near O'Hare Airport. In January 1988, Wojnar got a couple of anonymous calls from a woman who said she worked at Vital-Med, a pathology lab located in Northbrook, a well-to-do suburb about 25 miles northwest of the Loop. The woman said she was quitting her job, Wojnar later said, because the aborted fetuses the lab examined "were turning green and they were smelling a lot."

Wojnar said he would try to find someone to bury the fetuses and passed the information along to Tim Murphy,



Randall Terry (in tie), Robert Schenck, fetus; Harley Belew (in cowboy hat), fetus; the Green Beret of the prolife movement, Joe Scheidler, surrounded by the enemy

then a 30-year-old bakery-truck driver and protégé of Joe Scheidler, whom Patrick Buchanan calls the Green Beret of the prolife movement. Wojnar knew that Murphy had earlier been involved in what he called a body find, when members of the Pro-Life Action League sorted through the Dumpsters of Chicago's Michigan Avenue Medical Center. (During that excursion, Murphy picked boxes containing fetuses out of a Dumpster and took them home on the bus. He kept the boxes in his apartment for a while, then curiosity got the better of him and he and some buddies opened the boxes and examined the contents. He described looking at a



ing. Finally, after working his way back to a corner, he found dozens of boxes, about one foot square, stacked on shelves. In each box were around 50 Baggie-size "Whirlpaks," each holding a placenta, the preservative formalin and an aborted fetus. The material was properly packaged and properly stored and was waiting to be picked up by a medical disposal company in accordance with

keep a bunch of the s backyard playhouse

16-week-old fetus: "One guy had tweezers, and he pulled the skin back, and all the brains had been sucked out and there was nothing there. It was the weirdest thing.")

Wojnar had picked the right man, and on a Saturday night in January 1988, Murphy and Bea Penovich, whom he has since married, took a ride up to Northbrook. In a cluster of nearly deserted industrial buildings they found Vital-Med's loading dock. The garage door was open, and right inside was the storage space.

Leaving Penovich behind in her car, Murphy started looking through the barrels and boxes marked as medical waste. He opened barrel after barrel but found noth-

ing. Finally, after working his way back to a corner, he found dozens of boxes, about one foot square, stacked on shelves. In each box were around 50 Baggie-size "Whirlpaks," each holding a placenta, the preservative formalin and an aborted fetus. The material was properly packaged and properly stored and was waiting to be picked up by a medical disposal company in accordance with

health regulations. Murphy grabbed four of the boxes and scurried back to the car. Over the next ten months, he and Penovich, along with several accomplices, would take something like 5,000 aborted fetuses. What to do with them was a problem right from the start. "Neither Bea nor I could keep them where we were living," Murphy told SPY. "She was living with her mother, and...I was renting a room, and there was just no space." They found a pay phone and began calling some of their anti-abortion pals. "'Well, you can't bring 'em here,'" he recalls people saying. Finally he called his handler, Wojnar. As it turned out, Wojnar and his wife



Fetus displayed to mom in Atlanta, 1988; crosses for Tallahassee aborted-baby-burial site; prolife poster children at GOP convention, 1992



were hosting a dinner party for another right-to-life family, and he quickly agreed to let Murphy drop off the fetuses. The menfolk at the party took the boxes out of the car trunk and put them in Wojnar's shed, where it was cold and they figured they would keep better.

From the outset, Murphy intended to bury the fetuses. He thought he and his cohorts would be doing a "dignified thing, burying a fellow human being."

Obviously, Murphy could have buried the fetuses almost immediately, but he hadn't worked for Joe Scheidler without learning something. Scheidler, founder of the Pro-Life Action League, is a former journalist and flack and favors the publicity-generating approach in all things; ACT UP has nothing on Scheidler. During demonstrations outside abortion clinics he has been known to yell at patients, "Close your legs, whore!" Scheidler, who was fired as director of Illinois Right to Life for embarrassing the group in public, has explained his tactics: "You can try for 50 years to do it the nice, po-

been performed in clinics around the country, which then sent the fetuses to Vital-Med for routine testing, and because the bags were labeled, the anti-abortionists decided to try to get the fetuses buried near their relatives. The idea that they might be *using* the fetuses was never raised; that issue had been addressed at a previous body find. "Somebody," Murphy recalls, "said that these poor little babies, where they are, if they could speak, they would probably *want* their bodies to be used in order to have the horror of that exposed."

So Murphy and Penovich continued to collect fetuses. Their drive to Northbrook practically became their standing Saturday-night date. Sometimes they may even have doubled—a month later Milwaukee's premier anti-abortion couple, Edmund Miller and Monica Migliorino, started coming. Migliorino, a Scheidler protégée and part-time Marquette University theology professor, had been a self-styled freelance nun and publicly declared her celibacy as a sacrifice to the anti-abortion cause. Then she

Randall Terry likes the airport X-ray mach

lite way, or you can do it next week the nasty way."

In this motherlode of aborted fetuses, Murphy recognized a potential publicity bonanza: They could hold a mass funeral. "The reason many body finds don't ever amount to very much is because proliferers go through the trash and they'll find, like, maybe 20, and right away they'll go to the media, and that really isn't, you know, all that much news. But we kept going and going and getting them....We ended up with 600....That's a whole lot more than 20 or 30—and *that is news*."

In fact, Murphy and his accomplices could hold not one mass funeral but several: Because the abortions had

married Miller; they recently had a baby.

As week after week passed, the fetuses really started piling up. Miller and Migliorino agreed to take the Milwaukee fetuses, and a right-to-lifer in Chicago volunteered to wrap a bunch of the boxes in plastic and store them in his basement. A number of the fetuses had been sent to Vital-Med from a clinic in Raleigh, North Carolina; Raleigh's leading anti-abortion family, the O'Keefes, donated \$150 so that the fetuses could be kept in a rented bin at a self-storage complex. Joe Scheidler decided to keep a bunch of them in his children's backyard playhouse.

Predictably, keeping the fetuses proved messy. Mur-



phy ran into difficulty counting and sorting the bags. "Some of the bags had begun to leak," he wrote in an article in a Pro-Life Action League newsletter. "The blood and formalin had gotten on the other bags, dried and stuck them together like glue. Sometimes when I tried to peel them apart, a bag that was full would break and start to leak, compounding the problem. Blood and formalin was leaking all over the place, creating an unbelievable stench." Murphy said that one day he wore out pair after pair of rubber gloves cleaning up until by the middle of the night he was using his bare hands. He ended up with caked formalin under his fingernails for weeks. "I was scrubbing it and scrubbing it, and it was weird," he told SPY. "I couldn't get it off."

After several more months of body finds, the big burials started. There was a small ceremony in Milwaukee in March, but in July, 2,000 were buried by Chicago's Joseph Cardinal Bernardin. The next month, 157 were buried in Raleigh, and in September, 1,200 were buried in Milwaukee. Later, 1,000 went to Tallahassee.

After the Chicago ceremony, *The Chicago Sun-Times* quoted a spokesman for the Pro-Life Action League as saying the fetuses had been obtained during the spring and winter from hospital and abortion clinics in Raleigh, Fargo, Wilmington and Bayonne. Of course, this was not true: The abortions had been performed at National Women's Health Organization clinics in those areas, but they had all been swiped from Northbrook. After the

to put fetuses through lines "for shock value"

Still, the weeks spent building inventory were not completely wasted, propaganda-wise. Although Migliorino took pictures of many of the fetuses, she and her colleagues agreed that the larger ones made better subjects. "In most of the bags I couldn't really see anything except the placenta and the formalin," Murphy wrote in his article. "But I know from working on another body find that if you empty the bag onto a plate and pick through the placenta, you can find and reassemble most of the body parts. Reassembling body parts, while one of the saddest and grisliest jobs that anyone could ever do, is absolutely necessary if you want to take pictures."

September burials, Susan Hill, who was president of all the clinics involved, began to suspect where all the fetuses were coming from, and she pressed Vital-Med to figure out exactly how. The lab started storing fetal remains indoors, and so the last successful fetus retrieval was more than four years ago, on October 23, 1988.

Besides holding the big burials, the group also sent small groups of fetuses to anti-abortionists around the country who wanted to hold their own funerals. Murphy says fetuses were sent only to those who wanted to bury them. They got a lot of requests from people who wanted to show a fetus to a judge or put it on public display.

"Nope, you can't have them," he says he told them. Murphy and Scheidler both say all the Vital-Med fetuses have been buried, the last of them three years ago. Both are careful to add, "To the best of my knowledge."

WHETHER OR NOT ALL THE NORTHBROOK FETUSES HAVE been buried, fetus-flashing continues. Where, if not Northbrook, do the more recent fetuses come from? Right-to-lifers tell stories of finding Dumpsters full of fetuses behind clinics. According to Linda Thompson, a constitutional-law attorney who has studied antichoice groups, they tell these stories to the authorities and the media to try to get the clinics in trouble for illegal disposal and to generate publicity. Usually the clinics prove their innocence by showing how they've paid a medical disposal firm to take care of all their medical waste.

Anti-abortionists also say they receive fetuses from friendly pathologists; Tim Murphy, for example, says he was given 60 aborted fetuses by a pathologist in Chicago at about the same time as the Vital-Med thefts. Some prochoicers theorize that the fetuses, particularly those that are intact, have not been aborted but were miscarried or stillborn.

Sometimes fetuses arrive more serendipitously. Debbie Huddnal of Houston, who founded Victory for the Unborn, described how she got her fetus in *Pro-Life Action News*: "I got a call that Chad [a friend] was on his way to my house with an aborted baby he had found inside a clinic....He had gone to the clinic, located in a high-rise office building, with two of his children....They were planning to picket it. He went into the office, which was unlocked...and entered a room full of trays with the bodies of dead babies. There were buckets holding the bodies of larger babies. He took...one of the buckets and left." They named him David.

"Baby David" went on to become one of several celebrity fetuses, attaining a kind of poster-child status. Another

hands of Operation Rescue founder Randall Terry. Other celebrity fetuses include Baby Stephen, which a Virginia State Senate candidate carried around with her in 1991, and Baby Tia, first put on display in Wichita in 1991 by the Reverend Robert Schenck of Tonawanda, New York.

Schenck and his twin brother, Paul, who were born Jewish, are now Assembly of God ministers. He says that in June 1991 he was at a speaking engagement in Oklahoma when a pathologist presented him with four fetuses. One, which he showed to the press, he named Baby Tia. Right-to-lifers said at the time that the fetus was 25 weeks old—in the third trimester—and would have been a black child. Reporters pressed the Sedgwick County deputy coroner into examining the fetus; his unofficial conclusion was that the fetus was younger than 25 weeks and that its race was white, and that it had not necessarily even been aborted.

Schenck maintains, implausibly, that he wanted to bury Baby Tia but couldn't get a death certificate to make it legal. Instead, he took the fetus to the big protest in Buffalo in April 1992. When police arrested him, they took the fetus and gave it to the Erie County medical examiner, who said, officially, that it was a fetus that had been stillborn at 20 weeks, not aborted. Schenck says the three fetuses obtained with Baby Tia were buried. Perhaps they were, but within three months he had his hands on another one. He was part of the group that gave one to Bill Clinton during the Democratic convention in New York.

THE ANTI-ABORTION MOVEMENT PLANNED TO DEMONSTRATE the seriousness of its opposition to Clinton during convention week in New York. Randall Terry, Schenck and Joe Foreman, founder of the Milwaukee-based Missionaries to the Pre-Born, took a room together at the Milford Plaza Hotel, on West 45th Street. On July 11, Terry displayed a fetus at a Manhattan abortion clinic and vowed to get one into Clinton's hands by the end of the

After the men check they'd forgotten som

was "Baby Choice." Although anti-abortionists like to demonstrate the personhood of a fetus by giving it a name, in the case of Baby Choice several fetuses have played the role, much the way several collies played Lassie. Joe Scheidler and Jerry Horn, a Wisconsin pastor who was walking cross-country with fellow evangelist Norman Stone with an ensemble of Baby Choices in satin-lined coffins, took a Baby Choice to NOW's March on Washington in March 1986, where it was confiscated by police and not returned. Two months later Horn and Stone buried a Baby Choice in Delaware. In April 1989, Baby Choice appeared at the New Covenant Church in New York in the

week. In response, the New York attorney general slapped Operation Rescue with an injunction against showing a fetus to Clinton or Al Gore. Terry, Schenck and Foreman were joined by an unnamed volunteer who had flown a fetus in from the Midwest. The volunteer, Schenck told SPY, carried the fetus on his person so that airport security guards would not be alerted. Schenck said Randall Terry, on the other hand, likes to put the fetuses through the airport X-ray machines, "for shock value."

On July 12, Terry and the others decided to check out of their room at the Milford Plaza and move to the InterContinental Hotel, on East 48th Street, where Clinton

was headquartered. According to a Milford Plaza spokesperson, the men had finished checking out when they apparently realized they had forgotten something.

Hey, if I don't have the fetuses and you don't have the fetuses—oh, no!

The anti-abortionists scrambled back to the room, only to find that a maid had already discovered a box containing three fetuses. The hotel called the police. Schenck maintains he was purposely leaving the box until last and that they had not finished checking out. He says they were tackled by security guards, and that Foreman ended up being held to the ground with a knee on his neck. The hotel disputes this and says the police let the anti-abortionists run off with the box.

Foreman, Schenck and a third man, Harley David Belew, then checked into the Inter-Continental. Belew, a 37-year-old radio commentator who lives in Binghamton, New York, had decided he was going to try to give a fetus to Clinton. Belew says the two had an earlier encounter at a prochoice march in Washington, where he held Clinton's gaze after shouting, "Bill, you were raised better than this!"

On July 14, Belew posted himself outside the Inter-Continental at about 6:00 a.m. At around 8:00, Clinton emerged in jogging clothes. Belew asked for an autograph, but Clinton passed him by and got into a car. "God," Belew says he silently prayed, "I thought you wanted me to do this." Just then, Belew says, Clinton got back out of the car and came over to him; Belew wonders

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TO-LIFER JOE SCHEIDLER KEEPS
ONE ON HIS DESK AND PUT
SOY SAUCE IN THE WATER TO
MAKE IT LOOK "REAL YUCKY."

on the street, at least until police showed up and took them away. After questioning them, the cops charged Belew, Schenck and Foreman with transporting a fetus into the city, improper disposal of a fetus and removal of human remains from place of death. When the accused heard the last one (which was later dropped), they took it as acknowledgment of how righteous they were, and Schenck asked his interrogators, "Do you mind if we thank God for this?," then led his fellows in prayer.

The other charges are still pending.

RIGHT-TO-LIFERS PROMISE THAT fetus-flashing will continue. Schenck says he knows of groups that plan to display fetuses in crowded thoroughfares this year so everyone, not just enemy public officials, can see them.

One group from Madison, Wisconsin, Collegians Activated to Liberate Life, pledged to present Hillary Rodham Clinton with an aborted fetus during Inauguration Week.

They didn't succeed, but they may have found consolation in a story that is now making the rounds in right-to-life gossip, the latest in a long line of alternate realities retold so often that they're actually believed. According to the tale, an anti-abortionist from Indiana trying to get into the pre-Inaugural church service flirted with a Secret Service agent, who immediately gave her passes. Not just ordinary passes, but passes to sit with the first family. After the service she was told to stay put, but she made some gesture toward Bill Clinton, the story goes, and

ed out, they realized ething—the fetuses!

whether Clinton recognized him from their earlier encounter. Belew handed Clinton a pen and some paper and then pulled out the fetus and brought it within a foot of Clinton's face. "What about the babies, Governor?" he asked. Clinton headed back to the car but then turned and tossed Belew his pen back. Clinton later described the incident as "no big deal."

After Clinton left, Belew went back up to his room. When he told Foreman and Schenck what he had done, the excited anti-abortionists decided to hold a press conference in the hotel lobby immediately. The hotel quickly evicted them, but the men continued talking to reporters

when he hugged her, she whispered in his ear, "Bill, America has got to stop killing babies." She then hugged Hillary and told her, "Hillary, it is not God's law to kill babies." And then, the story goes, Hillary recoiled, assumed her natural shrewish demeanor and shot back, "It is God's law to kill babies." Right-to-lifers say they were surprised by Hillary's response in the tale. (Hillary Clinton's staff denies the story.)

"When Clinton got elected, we didn't close shop," says Joe Scheidler. "Clinton will have to view dead babies for his four years, or eight, or whatever. We're going to make sure of that." ☾

Gasbags

**James Wolcott Swings at Liberal
Wiffle Balls; Harold Brodkey
Walks the Beat; Sting Farts**

by T. W. Irwin

Some critics are beginning to feel guilty about trying to ignore Rush Limbaugh. There can be no other explanation for the appearance in the *New York Times* Book Review of a review of his first book, *The Way Things Ought to Be*, which was published almost six months earlier. R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. had chided the *Times* in his irreverently right-wing *American Spectator* for neglecting to review the book despite the alarming fact that it had been on the *Times*'s best-seller list for 18 weeks: "The liberals will not review it, but it bobs atop the bestseller list like a bright cork...." Perhaps Tyrrell confuses popular success with literary notability, or perhaps he really does believe Rush Limbaugh to be "a great force...ecologist of the *Kultursmog*, sonorous and debonair liberal-basher" who has "distilled his wit and good sense into a very readable book." Tyrrell further says that Limbaugh has "an historian's devotion to Truth." Tyrrell thinks himself devoted enough to truth to capitalize the word. He quotes Limbaugh: "The vast majority of American people DID NOT [Limbaugh's caps] believe Anita Hill. I'll tell you this: the truth [that word again] about this whole sordid attempt to destroy a man's life will eventually find its way into the mainstream press—several respected and accomplished journalists and scholars are already discovering and reporting information that is devastating to Anita Hill—and when it does, you who have supported and believed her will be embarrassed and shocked." This passage contains all the threats, all the paranoia, all the bullying of demagoguery. The goods

on Hill, despite Limbaugh's promises, have not appeared—except in Tyrrell's own magazine, where they have provoked no shock or embarrassment whatsoever.

Tyrrell goes on to call Limbaugh "the greatest American since George Washington." This demented opinion is evident among liberal journalists, many of whom have become Limbaugh revisionists. It may be the mirror image of the curious pulling-back one sees in the press in regard to Bill Clinton, as if journalists were feeling guilty for having supported him so eagerly before the election.

In *The New Yorker*, James Wolcott, in his review of Limbaugh's TV show, does not hesitate to take up the cause. He begins with the astonishing statement, "If it weren't for radio, Hitler would have gone down in history as a minor wart." Wolcott, who physically used to be something of a Limbaugh clone, goes on to criticize those critics who have not sufficiently appreciated Limbaugh. He warns, "Advocates of sweet rea-



Illustration by Michael Witte

son like Anna Quindlen and Russell Baker are fighting a futile battle in their attempt to keep the adrenaline buzz of talk radio out of TV, the political process, and everyday discourse....It isn't Limbaugh's problem that NPR's announcers all sound like Wiffle Balls. Liberals walk away from a fight, then wonder why they lost." Which fight? Vietnam? Civil rights? Abortion?

Despite the curious timing of the *Times* review, Walter Goodman does not succumb to the Rush Limbaugh mystique: "The book... is a rant of opinions, gags and insults with a few facts or near facts sprinkled like the meat in last week's stew." An awkward metaphor, but not in the least obliging.

The novelist Harold Brodkey writes a column for *The New York*

Observer that is often so mawkish and mannered that it sounds as if Gordon Lish were moonlighting for him. Brodkey laments that New York "seems to be carried now by individuals' optimism and will, which show fairly brightly, two cops grinning and talking to each other and patrolling on foot among the street neutralities—people who aren't so sure of themselves." Is it the cops who aren't sure of themselves or the "street neutralities," and if the "street neutralities" show optimism and will, why are they neutral? Brodkey believes that "part of what is most wrong with the city now is the absence of homosexual street life, the obvious stuff....The swagger, the challenge, the human color, the style and electricity, is gone....I'm not writing about the individual souls who are absent. I'm writing about the city, and what we've lost. God, it's awful." More awful than the writing, which is saying something.

Taking the prize for self-referencing this month is the *New York Times* Book Review. In his review of Annemarie Schimmel's *The Mystery of Numbers*, Paul Hoffman manages to squeeze in, "Ms. Schimmel cites an article of mine showing that..." Given the *Times*'s claim that it is scrupulous in the assignment of re-

views, it is surprising that once having allowed Mr. Hoffman to review the book, no one then cut his mention of himself.

In an article in *Esquire* by Doug Stanton entitled "Yoga With Sting at the Ritz," we learn that on a quick visit to the Brazilian rain forest, Sting was given drugged tea by his close personal friends the Amazonian Indians. Mistaking messages from the unconscious for polished prose, Stanton writes

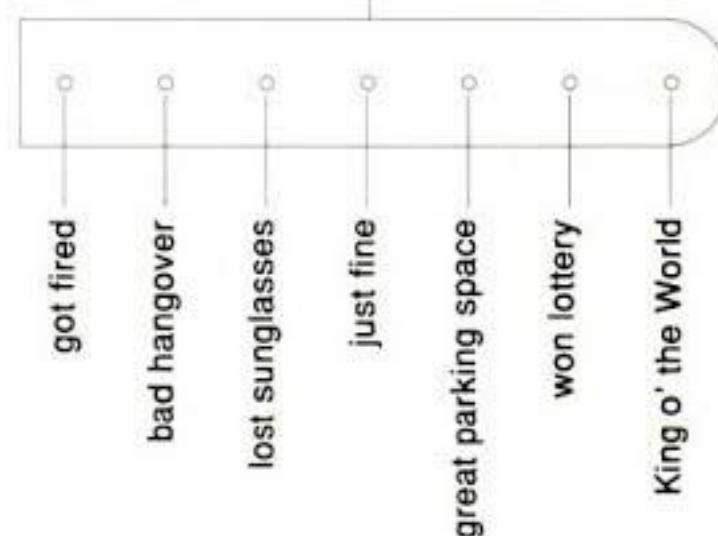
in a pseudo-hallucinatory style that most of us thought had disappeared in the late 1970s: "And now [Sting] was losing control of himself, maskless, flowing into the trees, no longer impermeable, part of the greenness sliding around him." Since this isn't in quotes, we can't tell if Sting actually said this; perhaps Stanton was there with him and drank some of the tea himself? "After the feeling that he'd lost control came two hours of the most intense weeping, followed by pure joy, his body swirling out beyond the thatched huts, the fires, the hammocks where he slept, farting and talking late into the night with the Indians. He was outside himself, in that perfect state of detachment he'd always sought as a sleepless young man with drugs or women in the best hotels, singing 'Roxanne.'" Now, that is *really* a hallucinatory image. The hotel room—not the odoriferous hammocks. ☺

UNFORTUNATE METAPHOR OF THE MONTH

"One minute into this performance and [Janis Joplin's] not wearing her heart on her sleeve: all of her internal organs are draped over her body like a hideous new skin."

—Greil Marcus, *Interview*

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GRABBING SOME ASHRAM Once again ignoring the bodyguard protecting his wife, Cindy Crawford, the spiritual leader of *Seventeen* readers, very classy Buddhist Richard Gere uses his good arm to show affection.



NEVER INSULT A VERY RICH FAT MAN Jumbo oil tycoon and Aspen baron Marvin Davis unscrews Don Rickles's head.

PARTY POOP



BLYTHER SPIRITS Roger, the authentic Clinton, the post-rehab Clinton, the story-about-to-break-any-minute Clinton, the spiritual-leader-of-presidential-half-brothers Clinton, engages in some boisterous socializing.



THE BREASTS YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO SEE! Fashion marches on. Last year it was semi-opaque phosphorescence, this year it's see-through! Or have only-slightly-past-their-prime ladies Sonia Braga, Mamie Van Doren, Goldie Hawn and Mary McFadden just coincidentally discovered the same way to continue attracting attention?



HARD TO THINK Using every brain muscle, Steven Seagal concentrates.



ABS, PECS, NASALS Hunky Alec Baldwin does some nose reps and stretches.



GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER 1993 Certainly pop oddity Michael Jackson and his I-wasn't-just-saying-it-on-*Oprah* love, Brooke Shields, shown here in the back of a limo, are free to do whatever they want with their lives. But we worry about the children.

Rush Life

**If Limbaugh Is So Fat,
How Come He Isn't Jolly?**
by Roy Blount Jr.

Why is Rush Limbaugh so popular? Hey, why are Hostess Twinkies popular? For those who can stand them, they provide cheap satisfaction. The question is, why isn't Rush Limbaugh funny? It's not just because his politics are dishonestly simplistic. In this country free-market purists, like TV preachers, can denounce the system for not living up to their principles while remaining secure in the assumption that they will never have to live under a system that does, or that expects them to. In a society of minimal government—the Wild West, say—Limbaugh would be a fat boy who dances when you shoot at his feet.

But by that standard nearly everyone's politics, right, left and middle, are dishonestly simplistic. And that is especially true perhaps of political commentators who make people laugh. But other commentators, right, left and middle, who make people laugh *are* funny. What is it about Rush Limbaugh that makes me want to call him a crypto-truckling fat boy?

I am a bit fat myself. But even if I were half as fat as he is, it would be against my principles (though not necessarily this magazine's) to make fun of people for being fat. But since Limbaugh gets such a bang out of—for instance—mocking Secretary of Labor Robert Reich for being short, I have decided to indulge myself.

Maybe Reich's extreme shortness, due to a spinal disease, is relevant to his performance as a public figure. It is easier to see how Limbaugh's style of bullying might arise from how he handles his own pink porcinity.

I watched two and a half installments of Limbaugh's TV show recently, and I observed the following:

♦ He has an undeniable improvisational facility and a consistent political stance, and he makes defensibly sound points against Democratic politicians and policies.

♦ The targets of his mockery were Bill Clinton, Lynn Yeakel, David Dinkins, Ed Bradley, Katie Couric, Betty Friedan, George Mitchell, Reich, Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders, a professedly liberal woman in his audience, rioters in South-Central L.A., Anita Hill, two gay male couples, Les Aspin and Jesse Jackson. Of those people, only four are, like Limbaugh, white, nongay and male.

♦ He accused Katie Couric, obscurely, of looking like she was chewing tobacco. He flashed a picture of Anita Hill and sang—I would say despicably—"My hands explored you...." He referred to the one liberal member of his otherwise young-Republican studio audience, a good-humored-

looking young woman, as "a young skullful of mush." He joined that studio audience—again, I would say, despicably—in regarding as uproarious the very sight of gay couples wearing earrings or boutonnieres.

♦ He showed with great satisfaction a clip of Chuck Woolery saying, "I personally *like* Rush Limbaugh."

♦ He asked a camerawoman, "Sandy, would you come and take the coins out of my pocket with your hand?" From the rear, she could be seen shaking her head vigorously. Then he asked her, "Are you offended by that?" She could not be seen to be reacting at all. Then he said a woman in Tennessee was suing her boss because he asked her to take coins out of his pocket and also said, "Hey, let's go negotiate your raise at the Holiday Inn." Other female employees said the guy was harmless, Limbaugh said, and the employee who sued "wasn't psychologically scarred, she was offended." His point was, "We cannot...simply define sexual harassment as what offends somebody." Granted. He went on to say, "Sandy and I have a good relationship. She knows I'm

not trying to wield any power or embarrass her." After the break he said, "Sandy, if I would have stood up, would you have gotten the change out of my pocket?" Again, she shook her head vigorously.

I will let those observations stand without comment, except...

How needy does a person have to get before he is reduced to showing an audience of millions a tribute to himself from the host of *Love Connection*?

If you are amused by the spectacle of a smirky, exhibitionistically self-stroking fat man repeatedly asking a woman who works for him whether she will put her hand in his pocket, and asserting on scant evidence that she is not offended, then it's no wonder you are a young Republican. ☞

**He showed with
great satisfaction a
clip of Chuck
Woolery saying,
"I personally like
Rush Limbaugh"**

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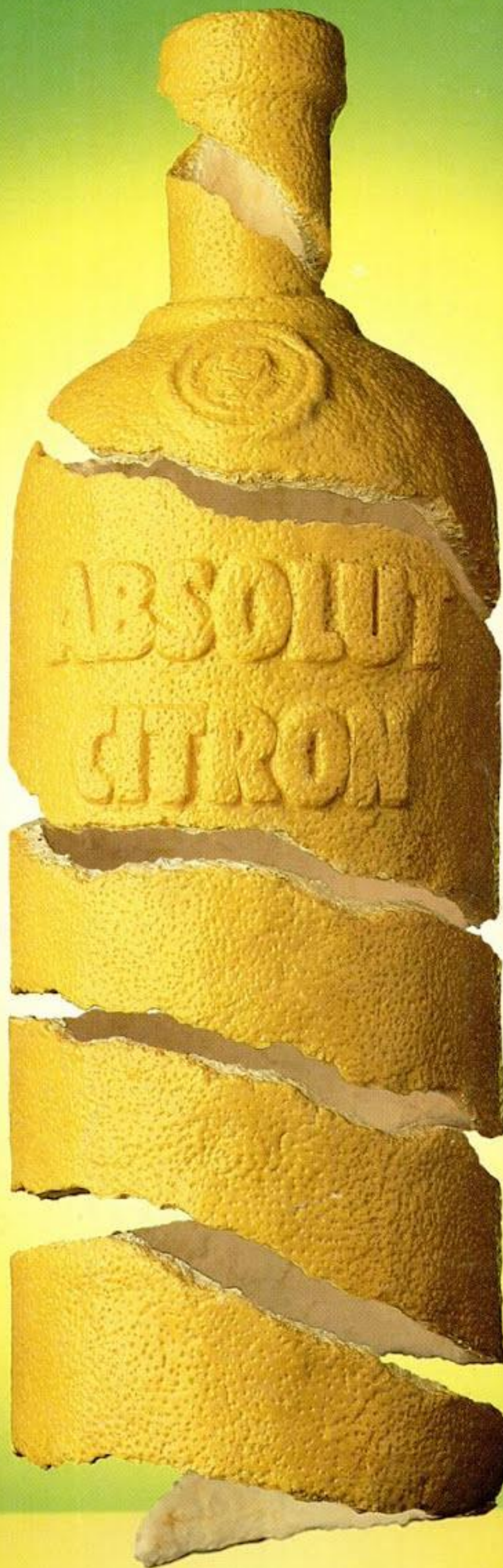
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